

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1914.

Summary of the News

The full returns of the elections held on November 3 are not yet available. Returns that have come in since we wrote last week show, however, that the Republican landslide, though formidable enough, was not quite so overpowering as was at first thought, and the indicated Democratic majority in the House is thirty. In the Senate, according to present returns, the Democratic majority will be increased by five or six votes. We comment elsewhere upon the result of the elections.

After an actual siege of about a month—although preparations for the siege were started by Japan soon after the outbreak of the war—the German fortress of Tsing-tau surrendered on the morning of November 6, following the capture by assault of the middle fort of the first line of defence. Japan has announced that she will occupy Tsing-tau on behalf of China until the conclusion of the war.

The entry of Turkey into the war has up to the present been followed by no very startling developments. Any lingering hope that may have been entertained that even at the eleventh hour the Ottoman Government might find a way of escape from the consequences of the rash action of the fleet in the Black Sea was dispelled when, on November 5, the British Government officially announced the existence of a state of war with Turkey. On the same day the island of Cyprus, which has been administered by Great Britain since 1878, but has nominally remained a part of the Turkish Empire, was formally annexed, and on November 8 the British Admiralty announced the occupation of the port of Fao, on the Persian Gulf, which is the terminus of the submarine telegraph line to India. The forts of the Dardanelles have been bombarded by the combined French and British Mediterranean fleets, reports conflicting as to the extent of the damage that has been done. On the Armenian frontier a demonstration undertaken by the Caucasian army of Russia, has, according to reports from Petrograd, met with some success. No general engagement between the fleets in the Black Sea has taken place, and there is nothing further to record concerning the proposed invasion of Egyptian territory.

There are many indications that the Islamic uprising counted upon by Germany and the Ottoman Government to embarrass Great Britain in her relations with her Mohammedan dependencies is unlikely to occur. In Egypt no symptoms of any such movement have so far been observed, and, according to the most competent English opinion, they are not expected to develop. It is pointed out that even the Nationalist movement, which has decreased considerably in importance since Lord Kitchener went to Cairo as British Agent, was never a movement advocating reunion with Turkey, whose former despotism Egyptians have good reason to remember with dislike, but was essentially one for independence, with "Egypt for the Egyptians" as its rallying cry.

In India the influence of the Sultan is still less likely to be felt than in Egypt. The announcement of the participation in the war by Turkey was immediately followed by declarations from various parts of India of loyalty to the British Raj and of condemnation of the action of the Sultan, among them being manifestos from the Nizam of Hyderabad, the largest Mohammedan state in India, and from the Aga Khan, the spiritual head of the Mohammedans in India, East Africa, and Central Asia. On the other hand, there is evidence that the action of the war party, headed by Enver Bey, has by no means the unanimous support of public opinion in Turkey. The Ministers of Agriculture, Interior, and Post and Telegraph, who had made every effort to preserve peace, resigned from the Cabinet on November 2, and dispatches from Constantinople speak of numerous arrests and court-martial of people expressing anti-Governmental views.

The status of Italy and of the neutral states of the Balkans has not so far been affected by the action of Turkey. The Italian Cabinet has been re-formed, Signor Salandra retaining the Premiership; Baron Sonnino becoming Minister of Foreign Affairs; Signor Paolo Carcano, Minister of the Treasury; and Signor Vittorio Orlando, Minister of Grace and Justice. The other portfolios remain in the same hands as in the last Cabinet. It was denied at the Italian Embassy in Washington last Friday that the change of Government indicated any change in Italy's policy of strict neutrality, and it was even stated in the *Giornale d'Italia*, on November 7, that an effort was being made in conjunction with Rumania towards the constitution of a federation of neutral Balkan states under the auspices of Italy. On the other hand, the situation in Tripoli is undeniably delicate. Germany is understood to have guaranteed that Italy's African colonies should not be threatened by Turkey, but trouble appears already to have been caused by marauding bands of Bedouins, who have attacked small detachments of Italian troops, and, according to a dispatch from the Rome correspondent of the *New York Sun* on November 8, reinforcements of garrison troops have been sent to Tripoli. Italian intervention, therefore, may depend on whether the situation in Tripoli shall become sufficiently serious to cause Italy to demand from Turkey an explanation. So long as the trouble is confined to unorganized bands of Bedouins there would appear to be no reason for Italy to make of it an international question.

The situation in Mexico grows more obscure from day to day, and the outlook for the avoidance of a triangular conflict among the partisans of Villa, Carranza, and whatever chiefs there may be who believe in the authority of the Aguas Calientes Conference, is by no means promising. The difficulty of comprehending the situation is not mitigated by the conflicting nature of the dispatches received from Mexico. Briefly, the situation appears to be this: Villa is anxious to oust Carranza and has ambitions of his own; Carranza is disinclined to be ousted and resents the assumption of authority by the Conference at Aguas Calientes, which has appointed Eulalio Gutierrez Provisional President.

An ultimatum was presented to Carranza by the Conference giving him until six o'clock on Tuesday to decide whether he would abide by the decision of the Conference, and declaring that armed force would be used against him in the event of his refusal to do so. As we write, the issue is still in doubt.

The announcement was given out by the Federal Reserve Board on November 7 that virtually the whole of the first instalment of the capital stock of the Federal Reserve banks, called for on November 2, had been paid. It is expected that the banks will open their doors for business on Monday next.

The effect of the war on British trade is shown by the figures for the month of October published by the Board of Trade. Imports during the month decreased £20,170,000, and exports £18,020,000. The principal loss in imports was £5,500,000 on raw cotton from America, and £1,500,000 on cotton from Egypt, together with £7,000,000 on manufactured articles. The exports of coal declined £2,000,000, and of manufactured articles £13,500,000.

The moratorium in England ended on November 4 without any disturbance in the money market, money appearing to be abundant. The Stock Exchanges of both London and New York, according to dispatches from Washington last week, reporting the results of conferences between Sir George Paish, representative of the British Treasury, and the United States Federal Reserve Board, are likely to remain closed for some time to come, the New Year being set as a possible date for reopening. That decision, it is stated, is necessary to prevent the dumping of American securities held in France and England in such quantities as might result in debits against the United States which could not be met.

An unfortunate situation, in which the diplomatic intervention of the United States has been virtually requested by both sides, has arisen as a result of the German spy scare in England. Recently the police have been active in arresting and interning German residents in England on suspicion of being spies, and the German Government, through United States Ambassador Gerard, let it be known that if the practice were not abandoned and German residents against whom no reasonable grounds of suspicion existed released by November 5, retaliatory measures would be adopted on British subjects in Germany. These measures were put into force on the morning of November 6, when all Englishmen between the ages of seventeen and fifty-five were required by the police to report at police stations for transportation to the concentration camp at Ruhleben, near Berlin.

The deaths of the week include: Mario, Prince Chigi-Albani, ex-Senator John Kean, F. Augustus Heinze, Duke of Buccleuch, Tom Gallon, November 4; Henry Gannett, Major-Gen. Robert G. Kekewich, November 5; Prof. August Weismann, November 6; Bernard Doran Killian, November 7; William Endicott, November 8; Julius Harburger, Col. Thomas C. Zimmerman, Col. Randolph Dickins, November 9; Prof. Paul Philippe Cret (in France).

The Week

The Guildhall meeting on Monday night in London was inevitably made the occasion of a sort of national stock-taking, as regards the great war. What has been done, and what remains to do, were the themes of Lord Kitchener for the army and Winston Churchill for the navy. More interesting than these military details, or than the appeals to English courage and endurance that were made, was the speech of the Prime Minister. Mr. Asquith not only gave a review of the causes and the course of the war, but made an attempt to define its objects. This is to-day the great thing. Whoever brought on the war, or might have prevented it, now that the terrible struggle is raging and can be stopped by no human power, men wish to know what is aimed at by the combatants. The purposes of the Allies were unfolded last night by the British Prime Minister. He spoke as follows:

We shall not sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium has recovered more than she has sacrificed; until France is adequately secured against menace; until the rights of the smaller nationalities have been placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is finally destroyed.

It will be noted at once that in this there is no bluster about absolutely "crushing" Germany. A good deal of impotent and irresponsible talk about wiping Germany off the map, has been heard in England, and echoed elsewhere. But it never had official endorsement, and is at present dropping more and more out of the thoughts and speech of Englishmen. Turning to the more moderate description of the present objects of the war, as defined by Mr. Asquith, he is right in putting the claims of Belgium first. He is right, that is, if the considerate judgment of mankind is to be invoked on the final result. Not only in neutral nations but everywhere, we believe, where the sense of justice is strong and dispassionate, is there an earnest feeling that, whatever other outcome the war may have in the event of Allied success, Belgium must have her sacrifices and sufferings made good to her. Any other result would shock the universal conscience. It is true that recently a kind of lurking suggestion has crept to notice, that perhaps a peace might be made with Belgium left in German hands. But all questions of national advantage or danger put one side, England and France ought to know that the world would consider them eternally disgraced if they did not fight on

until at least Belgium got an indemnity sufficient to restore her ruined cities, and to heal as many as possible of the wounds of a war which she faced with vallant heroism, and only for the sake of upholding public right in Europe.

The tragic end of the Emden was precisely what was to have been expected. The only wonder is that she was allowed to be at large so long, and to do so much damage in an ocean which is practically a British possession. Sentimentally, one may wish that officers and men as daring and gallant and skilful as Capt. von Müller's crew have proved themselves to be might all have escaped with their lives. Yet to the German navy this fighting end, with flags flying and guns firing to the last, will perhaps seem the more desirable thing. But though the neutral onlooker might wish that internment or bottling up such as has happened to the Königsberg could have been the Emden's fate, nothing can deprive her of the laurels she steadily won until she met a ship of superior speed and superior armament. Her feats will long rank high in naval annals, and she will always be known as the modern Alabama, for it is not likely that the Karlsruhe will surpass her record. Indeed, now that Tsing-tau has fallen, the number of hounds on the track of the few remaining hares will increase so largely that it should be merely a matter of days or weeks until Admiral von Spee's little fleet and the other ships are accounted for. As it is, Australia is doubtless rejoicing to-day at this proof of the usefulness of her little new fleet.

Sir Edward Grey's telegram to the British Ministers in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, informing them that the British Government is satisfied with the assurance of the Governments of these countries that contraband goods shipped to them will not be subsequently exported to an enemy country, disposes of a question which some have regarded as threatening serious friction between our own country and England. One after another, these vexing questions of the treatment of goods carried in neutral ships come up inevitably in such a situation as is presented by this war; but there is no reason to suppose that they will not, one after another, be disposed of in a way that will satisfy the just demands of the United States. Our Government can be trusted to look after the interests of our legitimate commerce; and surely no motive for respecting them could be stronger than the desire

to preserve our good will which must animate the British Government. It takes two to make a quarrel; and in this instance neither the one nor the other party has the slightest desire to quarrel. With no ill will on either side, it would require an extraordinary lack of good sense to prevent a smooth and satisfactory adjustment of every dispute or difference that may arise on the subject.

When Mr. Hilaire Belloc gets to working with figures, there is no telling what weird conclusions he will turn up. Two or three years ago he distinguished himself by finding something appallingly pathetic in the plight of the poor but honest country folk who were then buying consols at 75, though they had in former years invested in them at 110; in apparently complete forgetfulness of the fact that buying at 75 means getting half as much interest again on the investment as buying at 110. He is now engaged in computing the present strength of the German army, which he finds no difficulty in reducing to a desperate pass. The German losses to date he estimates at 1,750,000; and he is evidently of the opinion that every man jack of this million and three-quarters is permanently out of the game: "Of all the available material for anything approaching a true army, a quarter has already gone." Moreover, he is astonished at his own moderation. He could easily, by "a little manipulation of the figures," have made the total "very much larger"; what he has tried to do is to "fix the lowest conceivable minimum." The British War Office, however, and indeed British observers generally, are able to conceive a much lower minimum; and accordingly there is no indication that they are going to content themselves with turning the German army over to the tender mercies of Mr. Belloc's arithmetic.

If the surrender of Tsing-tau to the Japanese besiegers comes as a surprise, it can only be because the world has not known of the conditions within the fortress. The Germans had made so stout a defence, and were apparently so prepared to sell their lives dearly, that the general expectation was of a prolonged resistance. It could not have been merely a question of yielding to an overwhelmingly superior force, for that was pitted against the Tsing-tau garrison from the first. The inference seems clear that, in addition to the capture of outlying forts, disease among the troops or shortage of supplies or lack of ammunition com-

pelled the surrender. Though this was inevitable from the beginning, its coming now will be a sad reminder to the German people of the losses on the sea and beyond the sea which the war has brought them.

Great Britain's prompt annexation of Cyprus, almost at the moment of declaring war on Turkey, does not, except in name, alter the status of that island. It has been in British hands since 1878, Disraeli having brought it home in his pocket, along with "peace with honor," from the Congress of Berlin. A thin pretence of Turkish suzerainty over Cyprus is all that the British Government has now ended. The step is doubtless intended, however, as a sharp reminder to Turkey that, by going to war, she is endangering every foot of her possessions in Europe. Dispatches from Egypt intimate that fear of British annexation is felt there. Such a move at this time would apparently be a mistake, and is, indeed, unnecessary. The anomalous position of the Egyptian Government is one of the finest illustrations of the English disregard of logic in colonial policy. Lord Cromer gave expression to the whole curious arrangement when he said that the Government of Egypt was, of course, independent, except for its being nominally under Turkish suzerainty, but that it always did whatever the British Agent advised it to do! And Lord Milner, speaking of the possibility of an Egyptian revolt against the British, in consequence of the war with Turkey, points out that the Nationalist movement among the Egyptians has never looked towards Constantinople. The cry has always been, "Egypt for the Egyptians," never Egypt for the Turks. This state of feeling would certainly seem to make it wise policy for the British at present, while defending Egypt, to leave her governmental status severely alone.

To hail ex-President Taft as the successor of Mark Twain, as one newspaper does, is a bit "previous," but he is putting the country in his debt for his good-nature in treating questions of government and politics. This might seem inconsistent with the importance which he attaches to sound notions on public matters. Yet his smile is never far behind his argument. The day after election he spoke to the students of the Harvard Law School on "The Presidency." He expressed his well-known preference for a single term of seven years, alluded to the "recent Progressive party, with their disdain of Constitutional limitations," and, as if to be impartial in his survey, re-

ferred to President Wilson's return to the early practice of addressing Congress in person. This action he praised, but added: "I cannot but smile when I think of the chance for oratory that was lost to the followers of Jefferson because Mr. Roosevelt or I did not inaugurate this custom." His characterization of "Uncle Joe Cannon, now redivivus," was that he was "one of the most faithful watchdogs of the Treasury, with a profane bark, that I have ever seen."

If the triumph of Penrose is a blow for his party in the country at large, the defeat of Sullivan in Illinois is a victory for the Democratic party, despite the support he received from the Administration. Sullivan is forward-looking in the sense that he can see which side his bread is buttered on, but the damning event in his career is the part that the "Sullivan Democrats" played in the election of the Republican Sullivan, Lorimer, to say nothing of their reputed willingness to repeat the act. A politician who bosses his own party is bad enough, but one who is able to maintain an alliance with his fellow-boss of the opposing party is peculiarly dangerous in a two-party system of politics, since this arrangement deprives the electorate of the natural way of punishing the party that has fallen a prey to the tyrant. Sullivan's name is associated with all that love of machinery, ward-heeling, and deals that marks the politician in the narrow and uncomplimentary meaning of the word. His opponent, Sherman, within his lights and abilities, represents the more statesmanlike type, the type that thinks in terms of measures rather than methods. He is at all events far from being a disgrace to one of the greatest States in the Union.

Any satisfaction that La Follette may have in the apparent defeat of McGovern as his associate in the Senate must be swallowed up in regret over the poor showing of the independent candidate for Governor, who had La Follette's support, not to mention Roosevelt's, but polled a bare fifth of the vote of the successful Republican candidate for the office. The result confirms the forecast of those who dwelt upon the strange position in which the father of the Wisconsin primary placed himself by his repudiation of the outcome of a primary. His enemies are saying that he is for the primary when it gives him what he wants, but against it when it does not. This attitude recalls the inconsistency of another reformer, no less a man than Tom Johnson, who, in the later stages of the street-car

struggle in Cleveland, and after having for twenty years been an ardent advocate of the initiative and referendum, opposed the submission of the issues to popular vote. There were enough signatures to the referendum petitions to compel an election, however, which he lost by a small majority. The moral is, not that one should place consistency above everything else, but that a statesman does well to be careful how he asserts the sacred finality of any political arrangement.

What is the matter with Kansas now? With a perfectly good Progressive running for Governor and another for Senator, she chooses for the former position a man who, after careful consideration, deserted the Progressives for his old party, and for the Senate a pronounced standpatter. In the State of ex-Gov. Stubbs, concerning whom we were bid by the highest authority, "Keep your eye on Stubbs of Kansas!" Stubbs's party is now third. Arthur Capper, the rising hope of the stern, unbending Rooseveltians, who was defeated by Hodges two years ago by only 29 votes in a total of 335,000, threw away his career, in the opinion of William Allen White and other admirers, when he put away the Progressive nomination for Governor a few months ago and accepted the same place on the Republican ticket. These friends warned him that, while he might carry back with him into the party of the pirates a few of the more thoughtless Progressives, these would be greatly overbalanced by the number of standpat Republicans who would scratch his name. Yet, lo, Capper's vote leads all the rest. The only consistent explanation of so curious a political turn is that the Sunflower State is determined to surprise the rest of the country at any cost.

We know nothing about the Governor-elect of Colorado, Mr. Carlson, but he talks like a man of sense. He declares his resolute purpose to bring to an end the industrial warfare which has so long injured and disgraced his State. To effect this by peaceful methods is his earnest wish, but if it is necessary to use force in order to protect property and the right to labor, he will use it. The new Governor is evidently more alive than the present Executive to the shame of having order kept in Colorado, all these months, by Federal troops. This has been tantamount to an abdication of the sovereignty of the State. The whole situation growing out of the Colorado mining war is reviewed impartially in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* by the Rev.

Dr. Berle, of Cambridge, and the one positive conclusion to which he comes is that "the State of Colorado owes it to itself and the country to secure the withdrawal of the United States troops and to secure the administration of its own affairs in a lawful manner." If we may judge by the utterances of her Governor soon to be, Colorado is, in fact, about to resume her own government.

National interest attaches to the election by which Buffalo last week adopted a commission-government charter by a majority of 15,000, in that she is the first city of over 400,000 population to pass under that form; and State interest in that for a city of her class she achieves a unique measure of home rule. Her desperate fight against the Aldermanic gang, and the contractors and public-service corporations it has been alleged to favor, has extended over six years. For five the Legislature refused to respond to the demand of the voters for a charter bill; and when it finally passed, it was vetoed by the Mayor. Repassed and brought before the people, the new charter no doubt profited by the fact that the Republicans advocated and the Democrats opposed it. Discontent with a tax-rate that has risen nearly 30 per cent. in a quarter-century, with the loss of Buffalo's waterfront, with her poor railway terminals and water supply, figured in the result. Five commissioners will govern the city, and 5 per cent. of the voters can call for a referendum on any ordinance. The largest cities heretofore under the commission form are New Orleans, with 340,000; Jersey City, with 270,000; St. Paul, with 214,000, and Denver, with 213,000 people; Buffalo had in 1910 a population of 423,000.

"Given an opportunity to deal with the cotton situation, the Legislature of South Carolina has wrought substantial results." This tribute to the lawmakers of Columbia and Gov. Blease is paid by the *Atlanta Journal*. What are these substantial results which every cotton-growing State has been craving but which no one of them except South Carolina has succeeded in reaching? Simply the passing of a law limiting the cotton acreage for 1915 to one-third of the land cultivated and imposing a fine of from \$25 to \$100 for each acre so planted beyond the limit named. The very simplicity of this solution might be expected to commend it to other Legislatures, but there seems to have been a suspicion at other Southern capitals that it was a bit too simple. Certainly, whatever case might be made out for concerted

action of the sort by the whole cotton-growing section, for one or two States to take it separately is only to injure themselves without relieving the strain. South Carolina may be doing it as an example for less bold commonwealths; if the example is not followed, she may save herself from harm by the simple process of repealing the law. Her action furnishes one of the most striking instances that even this country has seen of attempts to control economic consequences by legal measures. The experience of Brazil, with her huge coffee crop of a few years ago, might be a warning to the South in general not to take South Carolina's lead. Incidentally, can such a law be Constitutional?

For the first time, a "full-crew" railway law was last week submitted to popular vote and was overwhelmingly defeated. This occurred in Missouri, where a bill, having been passed by the Legislature and signed by the Governor, was referred to the voters. They rejected it decisively. The result is significant in more ways than one. It is a pretty good index, in the first place, of the general feeling that the railways have had about as many hard knocks as they can stand, and that it is for the good of the country that they should have a chance to recuperate. Even more striking is the demonstration that the demand for full-crew laws—meaning the employment of more men than are needed to handle the trains—has rested solely upon a narrow labor-union basis. Because the employees were organized and exigent, they have been able to terrorize Legislatures and frighten Governors and befool politicians. The pretence was that there was an immense popular backing for the movement. But at the first real test in Missouri, this was shown to be hollow. Railway managers are warranted in hailing the event as most suggestive. It ought to help on the work for the repeal of full-crew laws in the States where they have been rashly enacted. All such legislative devices to "make work" are repugnant to sound ideas of efficiency and economy.

The session this week of the Governors' Conference in Madison, Wisconsin, sees the activities of that body pretty definitely limited to one-third its original programme; the topics of the relations between State and nation, and the greater efficiency of State government, being subordinated to that of uniform State legislation. That this is so is indicative of the constant and general demand for attention to uniform laws, manifested continually in less im-

portant ways. A fortnight ago the conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws—men appointed by the Governors—met at Washington, and discussed or recommended uniform laws on marriage and divorce, for the control of business corporations, for the regulation of cold storage and of automobiles. The meeting of the National Association of Railway Commissioners this month has for its chief discussion the need of harmonizing Federal and State laws and rules affecting railways; and wide publicity has been given the protest of various railway presidents against the hauling of their business "forty-nine different ways." The Farm Mortgage Bankers' Association, in its convention at Chicago, has just opened a campaign for uniform laws relative to titles and rural credits. The American Road Congress, which convened in Atlanta on Monday, heard a report from a committee which has worked with the American Bar Association "on the codification of State highway laws, with a view to securing more uniform and effective action among the States."

The closing of the Chicago stock yards adds interest to the opening of a good-sized packing-house, locally owned, at Moultrie, Ga., although the new enterprise has only an accidental relation to that incident. The purpose of the Moultrie Chamber of Commerce, which was chiefly instrumental in launching the concern, was to promote diversified farming in south Georgia, north Florida, and southeastern Alabama by furnishing an easily accessible market for the cattle and hogs raised in those sections. Along with this purpose was the expectation that ultimately the enterprise would have a wider influence, in that packing would be done for distant markets. In this way, some contribution would be made towards solving the problem of meat supply for the country in general. Already the New York Department of Agriculture, anticipating a possible cutting-off of Western supplies, has estimated that there are 2,376,000 cattle in this State, of which half are available for slaughter. In Pennsylvania a similar authority has pointed out that with proper enterprise the State should raise all its own meat on its own hillsides, and dress it in its own towns. The recrudescence of the American live-stock industry has long been felt to depend, in part, on again encouraging the small farmer to raise regularly a few beef cattle for the local butcher. Apart from this aspect, the dislocation of the industry of the greater stock yards is a serious blow to business.

THE CALMER VIEW.

The Republicans won great successes last week, and their mighty rejoicing thereat is justified. But are they justified in asserting that the Democrats are hopelessly beaten, and that nothing can prevent the Republican party from carrying the country in 1916? Let us look calmly at the actual political situation as it is left by the election.

The chief change wrought by it is the elimination of the Progressive party. This is admitted by all. The Republicans have virtually put down the 1912 revolt in their own ranks. But they still have their historic enemy to face. How stands it with the latter? Not even a hostile summary of the position of the Democrats can deny that it is one of great strength. They have a majority of ten or twelve in the United States Senate. That is secure for two years; it probably could not be displaced until after four years. In the House there is a Democratic majority of from twenty to twenty-five. Then look at the once sure Republican States in which the Democrats elected Governors—Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Wyoming; Maine they had won in September. Nebraska, too, reelects a Democratic Governor. Ohio they barely lost, while retaining Indiana by a plurality of more than 30,000. Does all this look like a party in a desperate plight? What we would ask confident Republican editors to do is to go back in memory to the late nineties, or even only six and eight years ago, and put to themselves the question what they would have thought then of a Democratic party having not only the Presidency, but both Houses of Congress and Governors in the States we have mentioned. We fancy that they would have thought the outlook pretty blue for their own party.

As the case stands to-day, the Republicans are filled with hope, and have much reason to be. They have recovered a good deal of their fighting morale. The Progressive thorn in their flesh has been removed. Even ex-Senator Davenport, the Progressive nominee for Governor of New York—who polled only about a third as many votes as Sulzer did—admits that the election has shown that the American people are content to fall back upon the two-party system. This is undoubtedly a real ground of good cheer for the Republicans. But they still have a powerful antagonist to encounter. And in reckoning with such boastful certainty upon beating him two years from now, they may be a bit premature. It is just possible that the Republican prophets can-

not see so far over the hill as they profess; and that the course of events may not prove so favorable to them as they pretend that it surely will be.

Last week, they profited largely by the chapter of accidents. It was an accident that the country came up to election day with finance deranged and business suffering. No one could have foreseen the great amount of miscellaneous dissatisfaction and discontent which the European war would thrust upon the United States, and which inevitably inured to the benefit of the Republican party in the voting on November 3. But another time it may be the Democrats who will be lucky. Industry and trade are certain to improve before 1916; they may even be flourishing by that year. If so, the Republicans will be, on their own showing, estopped from using the arguments and appeals which they have successfully employed this year. In the recent campaign, they drew largely upon what Burke called "the bank of discontent"; but if that institution presently closes its doors, where will they present their calamity drafts?

Another thing. The Republicans will reckon ill if they leave President Wilson out. They admit that, up till now, he has displayed extraordinary qualities of leadership, yet seem to expect that he will suddenly go sterile. But the provoking man may show in the future, as he has in the past, that his genius for public life and for political management is not lacking in flexibility. Certain it is that, at every point in his political career thus far, he has exhibited remarkable sagacity. Each situation, as it has arisen, he has judged with great accuracy. This was as true in his campaign for Governor of New Jersey as it was in his campaign for the Presidency. Many at the time did not like his tactics, but these proved to be correct. And no one denies that he has acutely divined his opportunities at Washington, and has availed himself of them with wonderful mastery. Now, why should it be supposed that these great political talents of the President should all at once fail him? It is true that the changed conditions in Congress and throughout the country will be a great test of his abilities and his skill. But thus far he has seen every problem before him clearly, and has found the key to it. Why take it for granted that he has not the wit to adjust himself to the new demands upon his leadership, or the force to shape and execute the new policies which the new times will call for? We make no prophecies of Woodrow Wilson's continued success; but such

prophecies would be as worth credence as are the glowing predictions of a Republican march to unquestioned victory.

ARE WE POLITICALLY FICKLE?

Col. Roosevelt's choice, on the day after election, of a consoling passage from the Scriptures was doubly odd. He made his own the grieving statement of the Apostle that "they will not endure sound doctrine," but will "heap to themselves teachers having itching ears," and "turn away their ears from the truth." Now, this "they" can be none other than "the people," or the majority of them, whose infallible political decisions the Colonel and his new party have exalted to the skies. Why, he was ready to recall a judgment of the courts, or upset a Constitution, in a twinkling if "the people" showed by a chance vote that they wanted it done. Yet now he mourns over the political delusions to which the people are subject, just as if he were a Federalist or a Tory. Moreover, he is sublimely unconscious that the charge most frequently brought against himself is that of having been a teacher with itching ears—meaning an ear to the ground listening for the immediately popular—who turned the people unto fables. Was not the person who called the Colonel's attention to this Lesson for the Day tempted to point him to another Scripture—"Thou art the man"?

We never could understand the Colonel's humor, or lack of it at times, and have no thought of dealing with it now. What interests us is his underlying complaint that Americans are politically fickle; that they are easily swept away by every wind of doctrine; and that, having begun a good work, they weary of it and do not drive it on to completion. This may be true, but one craves a wider basis for induction than the Colonel suggests. That the people have left off following him is really not a convincing proof that they are mere political weathercocks. That they often appear to change their political views, or at least their party preferences, with surprising rapidity, is true. This was remarked long before Roosevelt was born, and no doubt will be after he is dead. But in all the ups and downs of parties, the coming and passing of political leaders, the catching up and then the dropping of novelties in government, is there nothing but an aimless ebb and flow, the insensate "flux" of Greek philosophy? That is a question much better worth discussing than any grievance,

real or fancied, which Col. Roosevelt may at the moment be cherishing.

A part of the appearance of excessive changeableness in American political life is owing to our readiness to experiment. If any man comes along with a suggested great improvement in our way of conducting public affairs, we are disposed to give him a chance to show what he can do. Good often results from this, but frequently it merely arouses false hopes in the breasts of political inventors. Then when their expectations come to nothing, they are tempted to rail at the fickleness of the people. But it may not be fickleness at all; it may be simply a cool survey of the results of making use of a political novelty, or playing with a political toy, and concluding that it has not lived up to promises and had better be quietly dropped.

An illustration of this lies at hand in the announcement of the programme of the Governors' Conference this week at Madison, Wisconsin. It is a very modest programme. There will be reports and addresses on rural credit, on State control of natural resources, on the submission of Governors' recommendations in the form of bills, and on certain aspects of the uniformity of laws. That is all. The discussions will be useful, no doubt, and it may be that the actual attendance of Governors will be larger than at the last meeting of the kind. But the notable thing is that the high and, as we can now see, exaggerated hopes connected at first with the project of the "House of Governors," have been tacitly abandoned. There were those who saw in it a political discovery, or invention, of enormous importance. It was to give us a new coördinate branch of the Government. All sorts of public problems were to be solved by it with ease; and the sittings of the House of Governors were to be followed with breathless interest by the people in all the States. But the experience of a few years has been sufficient to dissipate all those expectations. Public interest in the novelty has sunk almost to the point of expiring. The institution lingers on, serving minor purposes usefully, but evidently destined never to verify the enthusiastic predictions of its early sponsors. It was again a case such as Emerson spoke of when he said that people are at first inclined to see in a new doctrine or movement a thunderbolt which will pierce to the centre of the earth, but that soon they discover that it has made barely a scratch on its tough old rind.

When that is a fair description of the matter, it is obviously unjust to say that the people are fickle in giving up what they have found out will not work. Political experiment means the rejection of failures as well as the acceptance of successes. When we quote the saying "Prove all things," we usually add merely, "Hold fast to that which is good." But it goes without saying that the duty is just as clear of throwing away that which is bad. In the latter process there may seem too great readiness to change, but change for good reason shown is not a proof of instability of character. And, in sober fact, most of the charges of fickleness, on the part of American voters, deal only with externals. Political machinery may be shifted or remade from time to time; parties and leaders may rise and fall; but the fundamental political forces of the nation do not fly madly from their orbit.

WAKING UP TO OUR DUTY.

The growth of the Belgian Relief Fund in the past few weeks has been encouraging. Last week alone added about \$120,000 to the amount, and brought the total to nearly \$400,000. In this total, and in the contributions for the week, are included handsome sums sent to the Belgian Relief Committee in New York by local committees in other cities; thus \$30,000 was received from the Boston committee on Saturday. And there continues to be that wide range of size in the contributions of individuals—all the way from \$1 to \$10,000—and that large number of separate participants which ought to obtain in a matter appealing as this does to the deepest instincts of our common humanity.

But let it not be thought that \$400,000 is anything more than a beginning—a mere earnest of what this great nation of a hundred million inhabitants, blest with resources almost beyond measure and happy in its exemption not only from the horrors but also from the terrific economic burdens of war, is going to do for the relief of a people crushed beneath the weight of affliction. We are not forgetting the magnificent work of rescue which is being carried on by the Rockefeller Foundation, over and above that furnished by the general contribution. But all that the Foundation will do, together with all that will be done by individuals, is sure to fall far short of what will be needed to supply the Belgian sufferers with the bare necessities of decent existence.

The Foundation took care, in the first announcement of its plans of relief, to make

it plain that these could not be regarded as making it in the least less incumbent on the people at large to give as abundantly as possible for the same purpose; and it has been gratifying to note that in point of fact contributions have been coming in more rapidly since that announcement than before. The Foundation is working in coöperation with the Belgian Relief Committee of New York; and the two organizations have now made a joint appeal in which they ask "the good people of the United States to do their utmost in this extreme emergency." A statement that may influence many persons to give liberally is that relating to the arrangements for sending and distributing the relief supplies. All transportation expenses, as well as all expenses of organization and distribution, will be defrayed by the Rockefeller Foundation, and accordingly "any person who gives either in money or in food can be certain that the whole of his contribution will reach some one in Belgium who needs help." Contributions of money should be sent to the Belgian Relief Committee, 10 Bridge Street, New York, and checks should be made payable to its order.

With the plea, sometimes put forward against participation in this work of mercy, that "charity begins at home," we have no sympathy whatever. By this we do not mean in the least to excuse any person who does less than he ought to do for the poor and unemployed at home because he has sent something to the Belgians. On the contrary, we would urge upon everybody the imperative duty of keeping up his full usual quota and more—for the need is greater—of aid to works of charity and humanity in our own country. Charity does indeed begin at home; but there is no reason in the world why it should end at home. And above all, there is no reason why at a time of appalling distress abroad and of more than usual want at home, it should end at the same point as it does in ordinary times. There is hardly a man of the well-to-do classes, still less of the wealthy classes, who could not in this emergency double or treble his usual expenditure for humane objects, and yet suffer no perceptible impairment either of his resources or of his enjoyments, to say nothing of any sacrifice of comfort or well-being. It is preposterous to regard it as a matter of course that what a man gives to the desolated people of Belgium he must take away from the poor of his own country.

How small is the \$400,000 thus far collected, in comparison either with the occasion or with our disposable means, it ought to require no argument to show. There are in

this country—and a considerable percentage of them are in New York city—several hundred persons whose income exceeds a quarter of a million dollars, thousands having an income of more than fifty thousand dollars, while the number of those whose income is above five thousand runs up into the hundreds of thousands. If each of these persons were to give what he could give without feeling it at all, the total would be not only millions, but tens of millions of dollars. In the little province of Nova Scotia there was contributed, in response to an appeal from the Premier, \$35,000 in cash, besides a great quantity of useful gifts. To match this cash contribution, the United States, in proportion to its population and wealth, would have to give probably at least \$20,000,000. And we may be sure that nobody in Nova Scotia has deprived himself of anything he really needs in order to make this handsome gift. Our people are not less generous; as usual in all such matters, what stands most in the way is want of imagination. Let every man of generous temper devote but a few minutes of earnest thought to an attempt to realize what is really going on in Belgium, what our country's duty is in this situation, and what he himself must do if he is to expect that that duty will be performed. Then, if he can go on "getting and spending" just as though all were well with the world, we are sadly mistaken in our estimate of men's capacity for unselfishness.

THE WAR AND AVIATION.

The annual report of Brig.-Gen. George P. Scriven, Chief Signal Officer of the United States army, confirms the view entertained by non-professional students of the war that the use of aircraft "has worked a great revolution in the theory and application of grand tactics." No one can have followed day by day the accounts of the war in the foreign press without being convinced of the value of this new instrument of warfare. But not as a destructive agent. The net result of all the bomb-dropping on both sides has been of the slightest, so far as concerns actual injuries or killings, or the destruction of property of value to the enemy. Gen. Scriven is so impressed with this that he believes that bomb-dropping on land will be stopped by the consent of all civilized peoples. Humanity stands for almost every atrocity in war, but the killing of women and children by aviators, however unintentionally, seems beyond the pale. The fact that the British have now imitated the German tactics, in their flying over Bruges, will

accentuate the demand that this form of warfare be placed alongside the poisoning of wells.

It has been but seldom that a discharge from aeroplane or dirigible has done substantial damage. At the outbreak of the war the French, whose achievements in aviation and possession of Clement-Bayard dirigibles had led to the belief that they would be the masters of the air, let loose a whole swarm of aviators. They not only crossed the German frontiers and bombarded some Rhine cities, but one even reached Nürnberg and dropped useless missiles upon that city—a fact which Germans are constantly citing in reply to the criticisms of those who denounce them for similar acts. This French air raid was a total failure. A number of the best-known aviators were killed or captured, and the comparative inefficiency of the corps led, after the German flights over Paris, to the dismissal of its commander and a reorganization. The Clement-Bayards have not even been heard from, and by some gross error no less than fifty aeroplanes were allowed to fall into German hands at Rheims. The Russian aviators, too, have not distinguished themselves so much as have the Germans and English. To the latter belongs the honor of the best single achievement of the war—Lieut. Marix's destruction of the envelope of the Zeppelin in its shed at Düsseldorf. On the whole, the offensive work of the aviators has achieved little; the best from the military point of view that can be said for it is that the Germans indubitably hastened the fall and evacuation of Antwerp, Ostend, and other Belgian towns by terrorizing the civilian population through their bomb-dropping by aeroplanes and dirigibles. An eye-witness of the raid over Antwerp assures us that the detonations were horrifying beyond words, and that the destruction was complete where the bombs fell.

None the less, Gen. Scriven is thoroughly justified in urging the United States Government to go slowly in the matter of dirigibles. After the promised German raid upon England is over it may be necessary for him to revise this judgment. To-day, however, the Zeppelin and Parseval and Schütte-Lanz airships have nothing to their credit which could not have been as well done by aeroplanes. No British warship has even been assailed by them. It was a Schütte-Lanz that gave to the crew of the U-9 the news of the whereabouts of the Hogue, Cressy, and Aboukir; but an aeroplane could easily have had the same luck. So far as the army scouting is concerned, the advantage is thus

far all with the aeroplane. The revolution that this has achieved is, indeed, remarkable. A surprise attack or a sudden flank movement is now impossible, not only because of the millions of men on the battle-line, but because the aeroplanes are omnipresent. To conceal even a battery from them is practically impossible. In the early movements against the Germans the Russians tried every means possible to hide their advancing columns from the German aeroplanes. They abandoned the highways, changed their marching hours, went through fields and forests, and finally resorted to night-marching only. But Gen. von Hindenburg was never without the most accurate information while laying his terrible trap near Tannenberg. That his aviators have not prevented his defeat near Warsaw is not to be laid at their doors. They have done as wonderfully as have the officers of the German submarines.

Gen. Scriven is careful to point out that air scouting will never wholly supersede reconnaissance and patrolling work by cavalry and cyclists. It is more in the field of strategy that the aviator's opportunity lies; yet it is a fact, attested by numerous German reports, that aeroplanes have located batteries and concealed intrenchments and signalled the proper ranges during the hottest of the firing. Gen. Scriven admits that the efficiency of both artillery and infantry fire has been enormously increased as a result of this scouting in minor tactical operations. As for defence against aeroplane attack, letters from the front tell of the enormous difficulty of hitting fliers. Volley firing is resorted to in the hope that a chance shot may bring the craft down, and, of course, artillery is less effective than infantry firing. In an article in the *Journal of the Royal Service Institution*, written prior to the war, Col. Louis Jackson, formerly of the Royal Engineers, gives his opinion that a properly designed vertical-fire cannon will make possible a "very good degree of efficiency" against fliers. We have as yet not enough facts from the front to confirm this opinion. Col. Jackson does not believe that any system of aerial patrol at night will prevent the arrival of dirigibles or their beginning an attack. He admits that destruction and panic in the large British cities would be a very serious matter from various points of view, and that the dropping of half a ton of gun-cotton on the War Office or the Admiralty in London might have notable results in "disorganization and discouragement." His sole conclusion is that the only sure defence is by dirigibles and armed aero-

planes. At least, his paper contains valuable hints for the German General Staff and Count Zeppelin.

MISUNDERSTOOD SOUTH AMERICA.

A report has just been published of a tour of a group of university men through the chief capitals of South America this past summer. The journey was undertaken under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace; and the dozen professors and teachers sent out were peculiarly fitted for their task. This was, in general, to seek to develop closer intellectual relations between the United States and the South American republics. All that has to do with education and humane and social activities—in a word, the essentials of South American civilization—was sympathetically studied by these travellers. They were everywhere welcomed, and every facility was afforded them. But what was their strongest net impression? It is pretty clearly set forth in the report, written by Prof. H. E. Bard, of Columbia. These educated and skilled inquirers found something like a great gulf fixed between the intellectual world of South America and our own. It is the old story from a new angle. Just as we in this country do not understand South American government and trade, so we do not understand the leading cultural ideals of the peoples to the south of us. This conclusion appears again and again, directly and by implication, in the pages of the report.

It has appositeness greater than could have been foreseen when the party sailed from New York last May. For we have since had the South American opportunity thrust upon the United States as never before. Nothing has been more talked about in trade and banking circles. The huge dislocation in South American commerce caused by the European war was from the first in all minds as a wonderful invitation and challenge to our enterprise. And the thing seemed so natural, so inevitable. There was no need to speak in terms of commercial conquest. Our merchants were not called upon to oust rivals already in possession of the field. Those rivals were temporarily crippled by the consequences of the war. The South Americans turned of their own accord to us. How instinctive and spontaneous was this looking to American markets may be seen in the recent action of the Argentine Government in laying before the Secretary of Commerce at Washington "a plan for closer commercial relations which contemplates that American manufacturers

shall take the place left vacant by European industry."

This, as Secretary Redfield has pointed out, is really a kind of official notice to American exporters. But they have been finding out since August 1 that they have a great deal to learn about the South American market. By them, too, South America has been misunderstood. South America, also, was clutched by the world-wide financial crisis. She had her own moratorium. And the very first requisite for developing trade along new lines was the providing of banking facilities. In addition, large exporting houses found that it would be highly advisable to open branches in one or more South American centres. The emergency and the opportunity were great, but they alone could not create trade. The business had to be gone about in patient fashion, the details being studied and the necessary ways and means worked out with an attention which few Americans had ever given to the subject.

There is really nothing new in this revelation of our ignorance concerning the republics of Latin America. It has been harped upon for years in our Consular Reports. These have told us, to satiety, that there was no possibility of our entering the South American market with success on a large scale, unless we sought trade by methods that approved themselves to our customers. Their tastes must be consulted, as they notoriously had not been by haphazard American exporters, venturing now and then to take a little "flier" to the south; their systems of credit and banking must be studied and conformed to; a higher type of commercial agents must be sent to them; above all, a market for what they had to sell must be provided in this country.

This admitted American neglect of trade opportunities beyond the sea has often been explained, and naturally enough, as due to the absorption of our best business talent in the far greater opportunities at home. But excessive homekeeping, we know, causes "homely wits." Professor Bard cites the delightful instance of an American publisher of whom a gentleman in Buenos Ayres had ordered two books, but who wrote that he could not forward them to "Caseros, Buenos Ayres," and asked if his correspondent could not call for his mail at Rio de Janeiro or Bahia! If a publisher—or, let us hope, his mailing clerk—could do that, of what might not an exporter of boots and shoes be capable? We have no doubt that, in the end, a good part of this misunderstanding of South America will be overcome, but it will take time and attention.

Chronicle of the War

The speech of Lord Kitchener at the Guildhall on the occasion of the Lord Mayor's banquet on Monday evening answers the critics in the London press who have recently been complaining of the backwardness of recruits in coming forward to fill the ranks of the new army, and of the faulty organization which the War Office has provided for their enrolment. Lord Kitchener is not addicted to exaggeration, and so, assuming that he was correctly reported, we must accept his statement that "more than 1,250,000 men are in training in this country [England], excluding the overseas contingent." The enlistment of more than a million and a quarter men in three months hardly seems to bear out the complaints of the press, nor can the War Office fairly be blamed if, with an organization intended to deal with recruiting for an army of 165,000 men, it has found itself somewhat swamped by the recent enlistment. To the numbers of the new army must be added the expeditionary force in France and Belgium, which, with the Indian troops and the Territorial regiments that have reinforced it, must now consist of at least 300,000 men. Apart, then, from any further enlistments, from natural wastage in the process of training, from losses at the front, and from men who have only recently enlisted and will not be adequately prepared for active service, Great Britain should have in the field by the early spring an army of not less than a million men.

The question of officers for these troops is naturally a serious one. Not only have officers for the new army to be found, but the losses at the front must be replaced. These numbered, up to October 27, 1,598, of whom 384 were killed, 876 were wounded, and 338 were missing. Those reported as missing are most of them prisoners, and so are out of action for the duration of the war. Of the wounded a considerable proportion may be expected to return to active service before the war is ended. For the training of the new army there are available in the senior ranks a number of retired officers too old for active service, but fully competent for the work required at home. Their places on active service will doubtless be filled by promotions. For the junior ranks public-school boys and university men, many of whom have served in the Officers' Training Corps, are receiving commissions, and, as the lists of promotions and appointments in the *London Times* reveal, non-commissioned officers are being promoted rather freely to the commissioned ranks on account of meritorious service in action.

By the spring, then, it may be assumed that Great Britain will have in the field an effective army of a million men. By that time, too, the attrition which, according to dispatches from the front, is already beginning to be noticed in the German armies, may be expected to have had its effect. Time, as we pointed out early in the war, is fighting on the side of the Allies and against the Germans and Austrians. France, Germany, and Austria can hardly do more now than make up the wastage of the war. By spring it will be difficult even for them to do that. Russia, on the other hand, has not yet marshalled her full strength, and Great Britain

has hardly made a beginning. The strategy exhibited by Gen. Joffre must be viewed in the light of these considerations. A military critic recently described that strategy as an effort to avoid being beaten, and in the description there is nothing derogatory. A cardinal principle of both the French and the German General Staffs has been to adopt the offensive. The French tried it at the beginning of the war, with disastrous results in Alsace-Lorraine. Since then Gen. Joffre has adjusted himself to circumstances, and, *more Scipionis*, has conducted a defensive campaign, allowing the German leaders to test the theory of their military textbooks that intrenched positions in the field will yield to determined attacks undertaken in force, trusting to the stability of his lines, and relying for ultimate success on the natural attrition caused by the disproportionate losses inflicted on the attacking troops. Gen. Joffre's strategy may be slow, but it has the appearance of being extremely sure. He is waiting for the weakening of the German armies and the reinforcement of his own by the fresh British troops before undertaking any general offensive.

The character of the fighting during the past week in France and Belgium has differed from that of preceding weeks only in having been, if possible, more intense. There has been a change, however, in the German objective. The attack on Calais by way of the coast has been definitely abandoned on account of the flooding of the country between Nieuport and Dixmude, and the main attack has been directed on the line between Ypres and the River Lys. The object of the Germans is presumably to break the line here and reach Boulogne, the occupation of a town on the English Channel having apparently become almost an obsession in the minds of the Kaiser and his General Staff. All things are possible in war, but it is difficult to see how the German commanders can look for success in their present endeavor. The most favorable opportunity they have had of breaking through the Allied line was after the fall of Antwerp, when the army that had been engaged there was released and was thrown against the left of the Allies. If they failed then to achieve their object, it seems hardly probable that they can succeed now. The system of communications from point to point in the rear of the Allies' line has evidently been brought to a high state of efficiency, permitting of the rapid concentration of reinforcements at threatened points. The character of the fighting is almost monotonous in its sameness. A desperate attack is launched by the Germans; the defenders, temporarily overwhelmed, retire to other positions; supports arrive; a counter-attack is made, and the previous position is reoccupied. The changes in the relative positions of the armies in France and Belgium during the past week have been insignificant.

The seriousness of the defeat which caused the retirement of Gen. von Hindenburg's army from the line of the Vistula becomes more apparent every day. Berlin has minimized it as a "strategic retreat," but it is clear that it cannot be explained by such euphemism. On October 14 the battle on the Vistula began. A decisive result was reached ten days later by the outflanking of the German troops near Warsaw, at the junction of the

Vistula and the Bug Rivers. By the end of last week they had been pushed back a hundred miles to the line of the River Warthe. As we write now, there is some doubt as to the exact position occupied by the German army. Berlin dispatches, reporting a Russian repulse in East Prussia on November 8, which may have been only a minor engagement, allude to the army of Gen. von Hindenburg as still occupying the line of the Warthe, but seem to admit that Russian patrols have crossed the frontier within the past few days. Petrograd dispatches, on the other hand, declare positively that Russian troops are established at Pleschen, thirteen miles west of the frontier, and unofficial dispatches report that the strong defensive line, Kalisz-Czenstochowo-Cracow, which the Germans had previously prepared for precisely this emergency, has been abandoned. The forward sweep of the Russians has been so formidable that it seems by no means improbable that the Germans have been driven from this corner of Poland, which they have held since the outbreak of the war, into their own territory.

On the wings of the main army, north and south, successes seem also to have been gained. In East Prussia the fighting on the frontier appears to have been exceptionally severe. Berlin reports the Russian defeat to which we have alluded, near Gumbinnen; Petrograd records successes at Goldap and near Soldau, both within the East Prussian border, and some 120 miles apart. In Galicia the Russian army appears to have regained most of the ground which it formerly occupied, and which was evacuated by the retreat to the San River, in preparation for the great battle. Jaroslav was reoccupied last week, and in announcing the victory in telegrams to Gen. Joffre and Lord Kitchen-er, the Grand Duke Nicholas, who has usually been somewhat conservative in his reports, alluded to it significantly as "incontestably the greatest success gained on our side since the beginning of the war." An attempt was apparently made to get round the left flank of the retreating Austro-German army, and squeeze it against the Carpathians, but this seems to have failed, and the defeated army has retreated on Cracow.

The most serious naval engagement of the war occurred off the coast of Chili on November 1, between a British and a German squadron. The former consisted of the cruisers Good Hope, Monmouth, and Glasgow; the latter of the cruisers Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Leipzig, and Dresden. The Good Hope and Monmouth engaged the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau; the Glasgow fought the Leipzig and Dresden. The heavier armament of the German ships told, and at the end of an hour the Good Hope foundered. The Monmouth hauled off after dark and it is virtually certain that she has sunk. The Glasgow got away without serious damage. This success, which was highly creditable to the enterprise and fighting qualities of the German navy, was partly offset by the destruction, announced on Tuesday, of the German cruiser Emden by the heavier and speedier Australian cruiser Sydney off Cocos Island, in the Indian Ocean. On the same day it was announced that the German cruiser Königsberg had been bottled up at Mafia Island, on the coast of German East Africa, by the blockading of the harbor.

Foreign Correspondence

CHARLES PÉGU—FRENCH POET AND VICTIM OF WAR.

PARIS, October 15.

In the late endless fighting, which is said to be the struggle for life of German culture against Latin civilization, Charles Péguy fell, struck by a bullet in the brain. No more pervasive intelligence has gone out in these battles which are levelling the mind of man to brute matter. He was little known abroad, except, perhaps, by some curious perversion of things, in Germany.

In France, for fifteen years, his *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, or "Fortnightly Books," held a public fit though small. In them he introduced to the world Romain Rolland and his "Jean-Christophe"; the *Cahiers rouges* of the Communist, Maxime Vuillaume; Daniel Halévy's "Apologia for Our Past" (the past of young men), and his own "Mystery of the Charity of Joan of Arc," by which he became best known to the generality. All these and others who were allowed to print their writings in his "copy-books" agreed little among themselves in their mental evolution—except in the act of evolving. Whither youth does not ask; and a whole wing of Young France thought, not the same things, but in time to the fortnightly beat of Charles Péguy. For himself, his brain, however trained and polished as a *normalien*, lived and grew more and more in the traditions of his French ancestors of a thousand years. That is, in patriotism and religion and logic, which is the filiation of thought, but not in literary form. There is no more desperate case of a writer to be introduced to a foreign public. Some compared the influence of his prose to that of Thomas Carlyle, which means that there was not the slightest literary resemblance; but both reached down to the Veracities of at least one generation, that younger than their own. In his prose and in his poetry, he had a way of repeating words intended to catch the reader's attention that may be necessary to minds whose commonest stimulus is in headlines. In primitive generations to which we may be reverting by excess of breathless civilization, such were the literary methods of psalmists and liturgy composers, of Buddhist legends and Johannes Scotus Erigena preaching to the court of Charles the Bald.

Taking our courage in both hands, let us look through "Eve," the real and great and monstrous poem of 1,906 quatrains, which is Charles Péguy's legacy to the world.

No one need be expected to read through such poetry; but, as in unread poets of James the First's reign, perennial inspiration may be sought in it of lofty thoughts and images, and even felicities of expression. The opening lines are, very literally:

O mother, buried outside the first garden's pale,
No longer did you know that climate of grace,
And the pool and the spring and the high terrace,
And the first sun on the first morning.

Twenty-three like stanzas follow, beginning to tell what Eve, expelled from Eden, "no longer knew," and then of more of what the earth was then:

The silence of the soul was like still lakes.

And cedars made high barricades,
And days of bliss were colonnades,
And all reposed in the evening calm.

Next seventeen quatrains, and then twenty variations, meditate how

—God Himself, at once young and eternal,
Rested brooding over his creation.

In the language of the Incas, Humboldt noted, God is called *Vinay Huayna*, "the eternally young." Then twenty-four stanzas take up again what Eve no longer knew and what now she knew:

No longer knew you aught save time in space,
No longer did you know the youth of the world,
And that peace of the heart heavier and more deep
Than Immense Ocean under God's regard:

That rest of the heart which nothing wants,
Which knows itself served by all Eternity,
Receives its Master, its good possessor
In solemn tremulous unity.

Eighteen further stanzas bring Eve to her children:

No longer did you know aught but a hurrying race:
No longer did you know aught but a world saying—No!

You have borne only a complaining race,
Now bound to earth and now victorious,
Now martyr, saint, and sage—or mad.
O mother! and 'tis my race and the captive race

Forever pressing against its prison walls!

Let not the reader wonder at this unforeseen apostrophe to Mother Eve, for at an initial corner of these poetic "tapestries," it is explained of all—"Jesus speaks."

How Eve the woman must for evermore set things in order, twenty-six stanzas tell:

O woman ordering palaces and towers,
And turnings about and iniquities,
Young distress and antiquities,
Old tenderness and youthful loves!

But just what the woman should restore to order in all human things, from the flight out of Eden to Christ's Passion and to the final Resurrection of all, 154 stanzas do but suggest:

Woman, thou hearest me: when the souls of the dead
Shall come back, looking in old parishes,
After such battle stress and so many woes,
For the little that's left of their wretched bodies;

And when there shall rise in fields of carnage
Soldiers so many dead for mortal states—

When thou seest no more at Christmastide,
In straw and Space, in the stable and Time,
The Birth of Israel's last-born—

When no more shall descend from great organ lofts
Celebration of Life's beautiful days—

When to lofty cathedral courts
The people freed from vast charnels,
Paris and Rheims and bishops' towns,
Shall bring the horror of their burial place—

Grandmother of the leper and the great commander,
Shalt thou know how in that encumbrment,
Shalt thou be able in that bewilderment

To light their steps with some poor signal-light?

And we have so far had the patience to analyze only eighty of these four hundred or so divisionless pages. Yes, Charles Péguy, who was an initiator, heeded no more the labor he was exacting from his readers than was done in the beginning of literatures. So Ruskin would not allow his tracts for the people to be given away; but they must be sold for a shilling, lest what cost nothing should be thought worth nothing. Charles Péguy's poetry, like his prose and his life, has been, and will be, something worth—most of all, to a generation forced to learn what was spontaneous in prehistory—the need of possessing Time in Space.

And by France I mean the Paris land.—
The snow has unrolled its measureless tapestry.
History has unrolled its measureless discourse.
Glory has begun its unmeasured course.

G. D.

The True Sportsman

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF WAR—"TOMMY" IN THE
TRENCHES AND HIS FRIEND THE ENEMY.

It was "somewhere in France," as the war correspondents say, that I first came across them. To be more exact—as one may be where the censor is not—it was in a by-lane in the woods near Soissons, and the Great Battle which has been going on there for weeks, and seems as if it might go on for years, was raging noisily in the background. There were many horrible sights in that bit of woodland, for fighting had taken place there not three days before, rolling always northward to where the German army finally went to ground in the quarries, and there had been little time to clean up after it. Nearly everything you saw was of the kind you try unavailingly to forget afterwards, but there was one sight that was by contrast very pleasant indeed. Two British infantrymen were helping a wounded German towards the place where they hoped to find an ambulance.

They were typical "Tommies," and they were very dirty and war-stained, and I could not imagine what they were doing there, for they were at least four miles from the fighting line, nor where they had picked up their wounded enemy. One of them was wearing a German infantryman's cap at that. They had nothing to do with the R. A. M. C., and they certainly ought to have been somewhere in the trenches with their battalion. But all those are side issues; more important is it that they were uncommonly good sportsmen. The German had been badly hit, once, it seemed, in the upper part of the body and again in the thigh. He was very obviously in agony and kept protesting under his breath that he could go no farther. His friendly enemies almost carried him between them, and they were talking to him after this fashion: "Come on naow, ol' pal. You ain't goin' to give up naow. Almos' there, we are. Jus' be'ind them trees over there. 'Ere, take a drink o' water an' you'll feel better. Come, ol' man, be a sport naow"—and so on, and so forth.

Whoever is responsible for the war and its horrors, I think that even his enemies must admit that "Tommy" is a sportsman, if sportsmanlike it be to bear no malice when the game is over. And if I have seen one I have seen fifty instances of the same spirit. There was a private in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. I talked to him as he was being carried on to the boat at Boulogne on his way to a home-hospital. He had been wounded during the retreat after Mons and, as he himself put it, had very bad luck, for after all the tiresome preliminaries he got only three days' fighting before he was put out of action for ever. Both his feet were shot away by fragments of the same shell. The men were lying, he told me, in the trenches, quite comfortable and out of danger, as the enemy had not found the range and were sending their shells a couple of hundred yards

too far. Then suddenly, out from behind a wood, came a German aeroplane. It was flying very low, said the Highlander, and bullets rained at it by the thousand, but it came on, quartering the ground like a dog after game, until it was above the trenches. Then it shot up into the air and flew back to the German lines. Five minutes later the big German shell was dropping into the trenches and the line had to retreat.

Now, the thing that above all interested the man from Argyllshire was the pluck of the German aviator. That he quite certainly owed his crippled future to that one man did not seem to strike him. Time after time he came back to his theme. "A vurra brave mon, he was," he would say reflectively. "I was glad when he got awa' safe, vurra glad I was. We all had a shot at him, but he just came on. A vurra brave mon, I'm telling ye."

Everybody knew the British soldier was a "first-class fighting man," but few even of those of us who have known him well in peace-time have realized to the full his depth of patience, of good humor, and especially his sense of humor. We have all heard how he has elevated "Tipperary" to the level of a national anthem, or, as a French officer put it to me: "He laughs, says 'Tippy-tippy,' and fights like a devil." Incidentally, since then the French *piou-piou* has also learned the charms of "Tip-tippy" and may be heard singing it to words of his own, while on at least one occasion, when the opposing trenches were very close together, the Germans also caught up the tune and were heard singing it no less lustily, whether out of derision or good-fellowship, I cannot say. But Mr. Atkins is by no means a man of one idea, and knows well the joys of the appropriate. He advanced on at least one occasion to a particularly fierce bayonet charge shouting at the top of his voice a song whereof the chorus begins: "Hold your hand out, naughty boy." And he will turn his hand to anything, as when I myself saw four infantrymen, not to speak of a couple of Turcos, anxiously consulting over the best way to repair the broken-off fore wheel of a peasant woman's perambulator.

Bravery is the monopoly of no nation, and certainly the bravest thing that came under my personal knowledge was the exploit of fifteen Bavarians, of which I was told by a British Intelligence officer. For some reason—to set up a range-mark, I think—it was necessary for them to reach the top of a rocky hill up which only one man could go at a time, and which was open to the fire from the British below. Fifteen men went up, one by one, and every one was in turn killed. If the last half-dozen, say, had been ancient Greeks, their fame would have been world wide. As it is, I do not suppose a dozen people outside their own half-company could tell their names.

And, if both sides are brave, both also acknowledge the courage of the enemy. Indeed, one of the most curious features of the war is the contrast between the comments of the soldier and the "civil." While the civilian

sits at home, "killing Kruger with his mouth" and furiously denouncing the atrocities and barbarities committed by the enemy, the man who is really doing the work has scarcely a word to say about them, nine times out of ten flatly denying their existence. I interviewed one German prisoner, at Villers-Cotteret, who told me that he had expected to be shot at once, because it was understood that the French and English took no prisoners; but he frankly admitted that he had never heard any proof of anything of the kind, and had been very well treated. This, by the way, applies particularly to the French. Although they have a much more immediate reason for hating the invaders, in the burned houses that to-day dot northern France, their attitude when the long columns of German prisoners are marched before their eyes is admirable. There are neither taunts nor abuse; they watch silently until the column has passed and as silently disperse. Once, indeed, I heard the whole road-way hiss with fury and loud-voiced abuse, but it was not at the prisoners; it was reserved for three French soldiers chained together who marched behind the column, having been caught in the act of pillaging.

Where, I think, Mr. Thomas Atkins shows himself unique is in his extraordinary *insouciance*. The last thing he worries about when he is in the trenches is the neighborhood of the enemy. He plays cards, he shaves—he has a positive passion for shaving, and some one has presented him with an enormous supply of cheap safety razors. Unfortunately, really good shaving soap is rare—one of the major ills of his life, if you may judge from his comments. Naturally, he quarrels sometimes—about the football results or the respective beauties, feminine or topographical, of Kent and Cardiganshire—and sets manfully to work with his fists, surrounded by an appreciative group of comrades, what time the big German shells blunder past unheeded. On one occasion he even had a stand-up fight with one of the enemy. It was at Vic; the opposing lines were very close together, and having nothing better to do, they began to chaff each other. One of the Prussians, who had been a waiter in London and spoke perfect Cockney, felt himself aggrieved by the remarks of, I think, the Warwickshires, and challenged their best man to come out and stand up to him, which was done accordingly, to the rapture of both armies.

How far it is true that clothes do sometimes make the man is shown by the amazing popularity of the kilt during the present war. Wherever the British army is represented in France, or for that matter in Germany, on picture post-cards or in caricature, it is always typified by a kilted Highlander, and this not because he has fought more gallantly than the rest, but rather because his kilt stands out so distinctively from the breeched monotony of his comrades. One of my pleasantest memories of the war is of an extremely bashful young private in the Gordons fleeing desperately from the attentions of perhaps a dozen young women who per-

formed around him a kind of war-dance of admiration to a monotonous chanting of "O, les jupes, les jupes, les jupes." And a French lady asked me in all seriousness if it were not a fact that in some earlier war the Scotsmen were so eager to attack the enemy that they rushed straight from their beds without waiting to put on their trousers, and, as reward for their gallantry, have ever since been allowed to fight without them.

If it does nothing else, the present war should cause us to revise our ideas of the physical degeneracy of the town-dweller compared with his country cousin. For it is a fact that some of the best fighting, the best marching, and, above all, the most unfailing cheerfulness and endurance have been contributed to the Allies' armies by the small, almost weakened contingents from the great cities. Wherever you may hear, on the march or in the trench, the loudest laughter, the most strenuous singing, or the straightest shooting, there you may be sure you will find the Cockney, the Glaswegian, or the gavroche from Paris. And, although I can only speak from hearsay—for your prisoner is never the best of company—so it is also in the German lines. What your town-dweller lacks in size and weight he makes up by what is, after all, very much more important—his excellent morale.

O. M. HUEFFER.

Book Notes and Byways

EARLY AMERICAN REALISM.

In the "Advertisement" to "Wieland," Charles Brockden Brown hinted at a source: "If history furnishes one parallel fact, it is a sufficient vindication of the writer; but most readers will probably recollect an authentic case, remarkably similar to that of Wieland." Contemporary readers doubtless understood the allusion, and at least one of them, writing for the *American Review and Literary Journal*, July-September, 1801, Vol. I, p. 335, pointed directly at an authority. His citation, however, of an article in the *New York Weekly Magazine*, Vol. II, pp. 20-28, seems not to have served students of Brown, though some have accepted the reference without going nearer to the original source than the *American Review*. (See, for instance, Miss Annie Russell Marble's "Heralds of American Literature," 1907, p. 296.) The article in question appeared not in Vol. II, pp. 20-28, but in Vol. II, p. 20 (July 20, 1796) and Vol. II, p. 28 (July 27, 1796) of the *New York Weekly Magazine*. Its full title, a glance at which would have prevented Miss Marble's error as to the date of the actual tragedy, is "An Account of a Murder Committed by Mr. J— Y—, upon his Family, in December, A. D. 1781."

This prototype of Wieland, it seems, was a farmer living near Tomhannock, N. Y., who belonged "to one of the most respectable families in this State," and who, "though he was not in the most affluent circumstances . . . maintained his family (which consisted of a wife and four children,) very comfortably." He is said to have been gentle, industrious, sober, and upright. One Sunday afternoon, as "there was no church near," several of the neighbors, including his sister, Mrs. J—n and her husband, came to his house for an

informal religious service, and after the others had gone, Mr. and Mrs. J—n remained till nearly nine o'clock. During the evening, as his sister later remembered, Y—s "conversation was grave as usual, but interesting and affectionate: to his wife, of whom he was very fond, he made use of more than commonly endearing expressions, and carressed [sic] his little ones alternately:—he spoke much of his domestic felicity."

What follows is largely his own confession. After the J—ns had gone, he was sitting happily with his family, reading the Bible, his wife and the baby girl, Diana, on his lap. "Instantly a new light shone into the room, and looking up I beheld two Spirits . . . he at my left bade me destroy all my idols, and begin by casting the Bible into the fire." The other spirit dissuaded him, but he obeyed the first, and forced his wife to let the Bible burn. He then, "filled with the determination to persevere," rushed out of the house, broke up a sleigh with an axe, and killed one of his horses. "My spirits were high, and I hasted [sic] to the house to inform my wife." She, frightened, begged him to be calm, but "the good angel whom I had obeyed stood by me and bade me go on, 'You have more idols (said he) look at your wife and children.'" Without further hesitation Y— dashed out the brains of his two sleeping boys and pursued his wife and daughters, who had fled out into the night. Catching up with his wife, he first killed the baby she carried in her arms. She escaped again, but he pursued her once more. "I now came up with her . . . my heart bled to see her distress, and all my natural feelings began to revive; I forgot my duty, so powerfully did her moanings and pleadings affect me." But when he thus weakened, a voice behind him called out, "This is also an idol!" At that he caught up a "stake from the garden fence" and killed her. "I repeated the blows, till I could not distinguish one feature of her face." He then sought and found his eldest child, Rebecca, who begged pitifully for mercy. "She was my darling child, and her fearful cries pierced me to the soul—the tears of natural piety fell as plentifully down my cheeks, as those of terror did down her's [sic], and methought that to destroy all my idols, was a hard task." He wavered again and decided to retain her, first making her dance and sing beside her mother's body, but his sense of duty reasserted itself and he put her to death, too.

This done, he realized he would be called a murderer and punished for doing the will of his "father," and at first he thought of putting all the dead into the house, setting fire to it, and laying the blame to the Indians. But he decided he could not tell a "horrible lie."

At this point the story of the sister, "who was the principal evidence against him," begins. Her husband having been called away by his mother's illness, she was alone about four o'clock in the morning when her brother came and told her what he had done. She let him in, but when he attempted to seize a "case knife" (apparently with the notion of destroying another of his idols), she succeeded in disarming and binding him. The neighbors were called, the facts ascertained, and Y— was taken to Tomhannock. There he refused to repent, and would not join in prayer with those who besought him, "but when they arose he would prostrate himself and address his 'father,' frequently saying 'my father, thou knowest that it was in obedience to thy commands, and for thy glory that I have done this deed' . . . his speech was connected,

and he told his tale without variation; he expressed much sorrow for the loss of his dear family, but consoled himself with the idea of having performed his duty." Taken to Albany, and "there confined as a lunatic in the gaol," he managed to escape twice, but was both times returned to his chains and dungeon, where, when last heard of, he still remained.

Brown's own acknowledgment, the citation in the *American Review*, and the details of the story make it almost impossible to doubt that this "Account" is the original of "Wieland." In the novel, indeed, the action is much refined. Theodore Wieland is a cultured and wealthy gentleman living near Philadelphia. The hocus-pocus of the two spirits and the burnt Bible disappears, and in its place comes an insupportable "effulgence," an "element of heaven," out of which Wieland is commanded to sacrifice first his wife and then his children. The slaughter of the children, originally so grewsome, is left untold in "Wieland." Y—'s ghoulis act of making Rebecca dance by the body of her mother and his plan to burn the house, Brown does not touch. On the other hand, the progress of Wieland's frenzy is given with detail and sympathy. This, indeed, is, for Brown, the chief interest of the whole theme. He does create a Godwinian "principal person" who hurts all who come near him with ugly, and often unintended, mischief. But though Carwin "the Biloquist" is the reigning spirit of evil in the book, and actually sets going the train of thought which terminates in Wieland's crime, he does no more than arouse from unsuspected depths a fanaticism already latent in Wieland. The birth and growth of this fanaticism are Brown's own creation; they merely prepare for events of which Brown had heard, and which he wanted to explain in a more scientific way than by ascribing Y—'s acts, as the pious reporter of the "Account" had done, to the devil.

Not only the central action, but many details are common to the two narratives. Wieland's confession is potent in solving the mystery. Mrs. J—n has a counterpart in Clara, the heroine of the novel, whom Wieland tries to kill, but who lives to tell her brother's story. Each man has four children, two boys and two girls, the baby, in each case, a girl. Wieland mangles Louisa Conway, his foster-daughter, as Y— does his wife, so that "not a lineament remained" ("Wieland," 1889, p. 176). Both men are exalted in spirit, both deny they have acted on the instigation of demons, both resent the infamy which follows their deeds, both console themselves with the thought that they have faithfully obeyed their "father." Wieland is put in "a dungeon loaded with chains" (p. 180), whence he escapes twice, but is each time retaken. In the "Account," which comes to no conclusion, the story stops shortly after the second recapture, but Brown rounds out the career of Wieland with a third escape, on which the murderer meets Carwin, learns he has been deceived, and kills himself.

Brown may well have learned of J— Y— from other sources than the *New York Weekly Magazine*, and those sources may yet come to light, though a fairly extended search in contemporary newspapers has so far failed to discover them, but as matters stand, the "Account" seems to furnish the "authentic case, remarkably similar to that of Wieland."

CARL VAN DOREN.

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Correspondence

WILLIAM ARCHER'S REPLY TO "VERNON LEE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is more years than I care to count since I read with warm admiration the delightful essays in "Vernon Lee's" "Belcaro"; and since then I have followed with sympathetic interest the career of that accomplished lady. What, then, was my amazement and sorrow to read in your columns her letter of August 26, in which she comes forward as an uncompromising champion of Germany! There is one extenuating circumstance—she wrote before the sack of Louvain. That makes her position more excusable, but scarcely more comprehensible.

The letter is primarily inspired by indignation at Mr. H. G. Wells's appeal to America not to protract the contest by "victualling our enemy." Whether that appeal was judicious or not we need not decide; personally, I am of the opposite opinion. But when "Vernon Lee" tells us that "there are thousands of English men and women who feel only shame and disgust at the proposal," one can only rub one's eyes with astonishment. Since when has it been considered an enormity above the other enormities of war to bring an enemy to terms by the method of siege? If Germany could gain command of the sea, does "Vernon Lee" imagine for a moment that she would hesitate to starve out England? Is actual carnage so much more humane than the pinch of hunger? It may be said that women and children suffer in a siege; but are women and children exempt from suffering in the open field? Let Belgium reply. "Vernon Lee" speaks with horror of the "scurvy-stricken and anemia-undermined creatures" whom she saw in Paris in the summer of 1871. Who, I wonder, had reduced them to that condition if not the fathers of the generation to whom "Vernon Lee's" compassionate heart goes out the moment there is any talk of their being subjected to a similar regimen? I fear there is little chance of bringing Germany to reason by methods of siege; but, if it could be done, would it not be by far the humanest way out of the hideous embroilment?

The fact is, however, that "Vernon Lee" does not want to see Germany "brought to reason." From her point of view, it is the Allies, and not Germany, who have strayed from reason, and require to be brought back to it. For any hope of the liberalization and humanization of Russia, she has nothing but scorn. Russia, in her eyes, is absolutely past redemption. She apparently looks forward to its remaining to all eternity a disgrace to civilization, unless and until it is conquered by German "culture." She does not say so in so many words; but as she seems to see no other hope for Russia, it is fair to conclude that she would regard this as the best thing that could happen. The case of France, decadent, reactionary, self-aggrandizing France, is, if possible, worse. She refers to the Calliaux affair as a symptom of incurable disease; she does not tell us whether she thinks the Zabern affair a symptom of a very desirable kind of health. As for England, she quotes and makes her own Professor Harnack's words as to the "inconceivable betrayal of Western civilization" by a Government carrying out what she calls "an anti-

Liberal, Tory-inherited policy." She does not quite explicitly say that she would have had us stand by and see Belgium martyred and France irretrievably crushed without lifting a finger; but it is hard to see what other course she would have had us pursue. What would America have thought of us had we taken this course?

Germany is, to "Vernon Lee," absolutely the injured innocent of the official German apologetics. Prussian militarism is a "mythological monster." She "knows enough of Germany, of liberal, Socialistic, anti-Prussian South Germany, to know that the militarist and absolute predominance of the kingdom of Prussia would have diminished automatically . . . had there existed a condition of security from without." It would appear, then, that this militarist predominance is not entirely a myth; but if Germany had been "secure from without," "Vernon Lee" thinks it would have grown small by degrees and beautifully less. That may appear a reasonable conjecture; it is hard to imagine that even Kaiserism would have loaded the Empire with armaments if there had been nobody to fight. Yet even this reasonable conjecture is negated by the German writers whom "Vernon Lee," like the other German apologists, clerical and lay, does not seem to have heard of. These writers—men of unimpeached authority in Germany—are never tired of assuring us that war is necessary to the health of the world, and that, if you have not an enemy ready to hand, it is your duty to go out and find or make one. "Thus spake Zarathustra: 'Ye say a good cause will hallow even war? I say unto you: a good war halloweth every cause.'" I suppose even "Vernon Lee" will scarcely pretend that Nietzsche is without influence in Germany; and his principles are either echoed or independently arrived at and promulgated by a whole group of other writers. In the face of this literature, it seems very idle to pretend that mere internal security would have exorcised the demon of militarism. Security must, of course, be the first care of any country; but Germany is not content with security—she demands expansion. If "Vernon Lee" does not know that it is her loudly trumpeted aim to dominate the world and impose her "culture" on mankind, then "Vernon Lee" is amazingly deaf to the Teutonic trumpet, or rather to the shrilling of a whole historico-philosophico-political brass band. I do not say that the desire for expansion is unnatural or unreasonable; but I do say that it has been carried to a pitch and emphasized by measures of preparation which have only too clearly proved to be an intolerable menace to the rest of the world.

Russia is, for "Vernon Lee," the villain of the piece. It was she who "instigated French hostility against Germany"—as though the rankling sore of Alsace-Lorraine had nothing to do with the case. Can any one imagine that if Germany had been content with security within her own borders, Russia would have dreamt of threatening it? Is not the plain fact that Germany could not endure Russia's very natural pretensions to hegemony in the Balkans, because it meant a break in the continuity of her "permeation" towards, and up to, the Persian Gulf? And are not Russia's interests in the Balkans at least as obvious and comprehensible as Germany's in Mesopotamia?

But no! If it had not been for Russia's wickedness, we should have had "an Anglo-Franco-German rapprochement, which would

have automatically undermined Prussian militarism by rendering it unnecessary for Germany's self-defence." Again one can only say that "Vernon Lee" does not seem to have acquainted herself with the documents of the case. We can all understand and sympathize with the difficulties created for Germany by her geographical position. Had she faced these difficulties reasonably, courteously, and with tolerable moderation of spirit, her neighbors would in all probability have met her in a like temper, and there would have been no difficulty about her "place in the sun." She chose instead to put forth an inordinate and almost insane claim to world-leadership, material and spiritual, to build herself up into the most formidable engine of destruction the world has ever seen, and then to go about professing a love of peace, which was sincere only in so far as she believed she could get all she wanted by rattling her sabre without actually drawing it. She has played that game once too often, with results which we all deplore. But who can believe, with "Vernon Lee," that Prussian militarism could have been "automatically" cured by any concessions short of helpless surrender to its overweening claims? It was a case for surgery, if ever there was one.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

London, October 25.

GERMANS MADE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Are we not moving a little too rapidly in increasing the number of those persons in Germany who are responsible for the war? We started out by bravely throwing upon the Kaiser the sole responsibility, unmasking his constant talk of peace during the past fifteen years, and his rôle as a peacemaker as a clever disguise to throw the other nations off their guard, and, meanwhile, to prepare for the present contest. Afterwards, when doubt arose as to the accuracy of this picture of a modern combination of Machiavelli and Napoleon, we discovered Bernhardt, and found that his influence, or that of the whole party which he represents, was behind it all. Bernhardt frequently quoted a man by the name of Treitschke, and, although very few in this country had ever heard of him and scarcely anybody had read him (for his works had not been translated into English), we were willing to take him on faith, and were quite satisfied that his teachings involved the conquest of all of western Europe and of England for the purpose of spreading German "culture"; and to this programme we added, of our own accord, the subsequent conquest of the United States.

Then came Nietzsche, whose "superman" was, of course, merely a thin disguise for Germany. This was rather hard on Nietzsche, who hated Germany and tried his best to make out that he himself was not a German, but a Pole. The late Professor Cramb, in his interesting although depressing work on "England and Germany," practically told us this, for he points out that Treitschke stamped Nietzsche as a very poor German; but that made no difference, and so Nietzsche was added to the list of those whose teachings brought on the war. And now comes your correspondent, Mr. Heywood, who, in last week's *Nation*, not only adds Virchow and Mommsen, of the past generation, to form a triumvirate with Treitschke, but gives us

a long list of "damned professors" of contemporary Germany, who are all accused of devoting their splendid talents towards the spread of teachings which brought on the war.

Mr. Heywood's list is taken (though he does not say so) from a book of Frederick William Wile, "Men Around the Kaiser," p. 116, which contains exceedingly interesting and clever sketches of prominent Germans in all walks of life. In connection with a sketch of Professor Delbrück (the successor of Treitschke at the University of Berlin), Mr. Wile says: "It is from Harnack, Delitzsch, and Pfleiderer, the theologians; from Wagner, Schmoller, and Bernhard, the political economists; from Schiemann, Meyer, and Delbrück, the historians; from Haeckel and Ostwald, the philosophers; from Zorn, Kohler, and von Liszt, the jurists, that modern, mighty, material Germany derives its chief intellectual inspiration." There is nothing in the original to suggest that the author holds these men responsible for pan-Germanistic teachings, but Mr. Heywood, who quotes this passage, apparently looks at them in that light.

If we go on in this way we shall soon find that all of Germany is peopled by Bernhardtis and Treitschkies. Let us look at some of the names in this list. The Delitzsch meant is Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch, who holds the chair of Assyriology at the University of Berlin, and who has devoted his entire life to Assyriology and Biblical research. His pupils, of whom there are some in this country, and his friends will be amazed to find him among pan-Germanic agitators. During the past year Professor Delitzsch published a Sumerian grammar and a Sumerian lexicon, and I can assure your readers that these volumes do not contain any doctrines calculated to upset the world's peace. Professor Pfleiderer (who is no longer living) was a very distinguished theologian, who, so far as I am aware, never wrote about anything outside his own domain, which was the history and development of Christianity and its relation to other faiths. The distinguished theologian, Professor Harnack, is a man who, apart from his astonishing scientific activity, stands in public life, but until this war broke out I do not find among his collected writings any discussion of Germany's political aims and ambitions. His interest in present-day problems lies in totally different directions. He is concerned chiefly with religious and philosophical thought. Then, among the historians included in the above passage is Meyer, meaning Prof. Eduard Meyer, of the University of Berlin, the greatest living authority on the ancient history of the Orient, who, as Harvard exchange professor a number of years ago, came into contact with hundreds of scholars and large public audiences in this country. Those who know the wide scope of Professor Meyer's work in ancient history will agree that a man who has accomplished what he has can have very little time or energy left to devote to public agitation. The only modern theme on which he has ever written (so far as I know) is a monograph on the Mormons of this country, in whom he is very much interested. Ostwald is a chemist, who has developed on the basis of modern science a system of philosophy which is entirely international, and has absolutely nothing to do with German politics. Prof. Joseph Kohler, another name in the above list, is an authority on the history of law. His last work is a study of the history of the

legal development in the ancient Orient, and he also would probably be amazed or amused to find himself placed in a group with military and political agitators encouraging young Germany by his teachings to step forth and challenge the world.

Where is this kind of thing going to end? The ignorance about Germany, especially about German history, politics, and literature, is surely large enough among us; why add to it by catchwords, by ill-digested phrases, and by giving to the public, unable to test statements for themselves, totally distorted notions of modern German science and of the character of the men from whom thousands of Americans have drawn inspiration for their scientific careers?

MORRIS JASTROW, JR.

University of Pennsylvania, November 2.

THE PEOPLE AND THE KAISER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer is another of the thousands of Americans who are glad to acknowledge a deep debt of gratitude to the noble German people. It was his privilege to spend a year and a half in study and travel among them, and many were the kindnesses received while there; and to this day he loves to speak in terms of sincere admiration of the fine character of these people as he learned to know it. Their naturalness and simple-hearted kindness cannot be forgotten. And now, in these frightful days, when "misery like a flood" is inundating that great nation, nothing but sympathy, deep and compassionate, goes out towards them. Perhaps the profoundest depth of sympathy is reached when one reflects that such a people hold their fortunes and their lives subject to the word of a single "war lord," who was once reported as saying to his troops: "If I command you to shoot your father, it is your duty to obey." And when we further reflect that Germany is not only in possession of the mightiest army the world ever saw, but that she is also the greatest nation of scholars in the whole world, to such an extent that in the great majority of subjects the foremost authority is likely to be a German, our sympathy deepens at the thought that one man can send them forth to slaughter. I think it was in the *Nation* that I read the statement years ago about the great Helmholtz, that almost every distinct thought of his had advanced the boundaries of human knowledge; and yet, if Germany has another brain developing into greatness approaching that, it may be spattered on the ground, smashed by a bullet!

"He that furnished the seed is responsible for what grew from it," said Demosthenes, holding his political opponent accountable for the loss of "men, places, cities." Who is mainly responsible for this volcanic eruption of war? Did not the Kaiser say years ago that no great question could any longer be decided in Europe without consulting Germany and its Kaiser? Do our German friends disagree with us if we say that their great Emperor was and is the most potent political personality in Europe? And if he was, could not his heavy hand have stayed Austria in her savage demands on little Serbia? He knew all about it, and the one man who more than any other could have prevented war and did not is naturally held to account.

But the thing that has swung American sympathy so strongly against the German cause is the deliberate and flagrant viola-

tion of the promise to Belgium. That promise may have been merely "a scrap of paper"; but behind it ought to have been that fear of God which the Germans so proudly boast as the only fear they have. The time may come when even among the Germans some Cicero may say, with a change of only two words: "Doletis tris exercitus populi Romani interfectos; interfecti Antonius. Desideratis clarissimos civis; eos quoque nobis eripuit Antonius."

ADDISON HOGUE.

Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.,
October 30.

"THE COLORADO PROBLEM."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to express my appreciation of the exceedingly fair tone of the editorial in your issue of October 1 under the heading, "The Colorado Problem." Your views are particularly gratifying, as they indicate a knowledge of our conditions which it has been most difficult for us to disseminate through the East. In thus expressing myself, may I also comment on your reference to certain objections offered by the operators to the President's truce proposal?

I feel that no commission, no matter how impartial it might be, would be as competent as the natural managing officers of a company to say when and how the property of the company should be operated. I question if even a commission composed of officers of our company not intimately connected with the mining operations would be competent to pass on questions which, under the proposal, were to be left to "the commission." In my experience I have many times found it necessary on very short notice to direct the closing down for a period of weeks, or even months, of some one or more properties. It would obviously be a great handicap to our business to be compelled to submit such a question to the commission, unacquainted with the requirements of our trade and the almost numberless conditions surrounding the operation of mines, for its deliberate and possibly prolonged consideration.

As to the assessment of penalties prescribed in the proposed truce, it is a well-known fact that it would be next to impossible to penalize successfully the workmen for violation of a commission's orders. Colorado is bounded on each of its four sides by coal-producing States, and the nearest coal field in New Mexico on the south is but a few miles from the most important district in Colorado. Workmen who, for some reason, might be dissatisfied here could quickly move to an adjoining State. I think it is not out of place in this connection to say that the men at work when the President's proposal was received were almost sufficient in number to produce the amount of coal required. Within the past thirty days more than 1,000 additional men have been employed, and the output of coal is now even greater than the requirements. These men have expressed strong opposition to being required to work alongside of the strikers, so many of whom have threatened and abused them. We have no work for a greater number of men than are now employed, and little or no prospect of requiring an additional number, even during the coming winter. It would be man-

ifestly unfair to our workmen to ask any of them to give up their places in order that work might be furnished to strikers, and it would seem quite as unfair to the operators that they should be required to make concessions to those who have incited and directed the lawlessness, for the purpose of inducing them to make a promise of keeping the peace.

There is no obstacle to the removal of the Federal troops except the presence of the lawless element. Within the past week an unquestioned authority has reported that an officer of the United Mine Workers of America, who is one of the strike leaders, said in effect that as soon as the Federal troops are withdrawn, the "strikers" will attack the State militia and property of the mining companies; that in preparation for such an event union men in the neighboring States to the number of 3,000 have been organized, drilled, and armed, and are in readiness to take the move when called upon. I am sure you would not expect us to deal with such an element, even indirectly, in a matter affecting the welfare of our workmen and the operation of our properties, yet that is the element which dominates the United Mine Workers of America in Colorado, and the policy expressed in the threat quoted illustrates the policy and the practice of the leaders of the strike now over a year old.

J. F. WELBORN.

Denver, Col., October 23.

A NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly* there appears, on one of the pages devoted to biographical sketches of the contributors, a statement concerning the committee on the organization of a national Association of University Professors, to which reference is made in Prof. H. C. Warren's valuable article on "Academic Freedom" in the same issue. The statement conveys an erroneous conception of the functions of the committee and the purposes of those interested in the organization of the new society; and it is published without the committee's authorization, and, as Professor Warren permits me to say, without that of the author of the article. The committee is in no sense a body for the investigation of grievances or for the examination of the internal conditions in American universities. Its only duty is to prepare plans for the formation of a representative professional organization of university teachers. The reasons why many members of the profession think such an organization likely to be serviceable to the interests of the American universities have been excellently presented in an editorial in the *Nation* of March 26, this year. The committee itself has adopted the following formulation of its understanding of the purposes of the Association:

"... to bring about more effective co-operation among the members of the profession in the discharge of their special responsibilities as custodians of the interests of higher education and research in America; to promote a more general and methodical discussion of problems relating to education in higher institutions of learning; to create means for the authoritative expression of the public opinion of the body of col-

lege and university teachers; to make collective action possible, and in general to maintain and advance the ideals and standards of the profession."

It may, perhaps, be well to take this occasion to report to those interested that the committee expects to call a meeting for the formal organization of the Association during the last week of December. The day and place cannot yet be announced. The committee, after much discussion, determined last spring that members of the profession should, at least for the present, be asked to adhere to the organization as individuals, and not as representatives of their local faculties. The committee is, therefore, about to send out invitations to a large number of university and college professors who are known to the committee, or to those who have been called upon for advice in the matter, as well qualified representatives of their respective sciences. Doubtless, through the limitations of the knowledge of the committee and its advisers, many to whom invitations should be sent will be overlooked. It is not contemplated, however, that the eventual membership of the Association will be limited to those who are asked to attend this meeting. The committee merely sought, by the means indicated, to bring together a body much larger and more representative than itself, which may constitute a nucleus for the Association, and to whose judgment the committee may submit its recommendations.

The committee is not empowered to define authoritatively either the purposes and scope of the Association, or the conditions for membership in it. It is, however, to be expected that the Association's policy with regard to these matters will be determined at the meeting to be held next month.

ARTHUR O. LOVEJOY,
Secretary.

Johns Hopkins University, November 2.

CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a subscriber and reader of the *Nation*, I beg to submit the following remarks about the article "The Church and Higher Education," which appeared in your issue of October 22.

While this editorial gives an interesting survey of the decline of the religious character of many denominational colleges, it appears strange that the Catholic colleges and universities should be passed over in silence. They are hardly a negligible quantity. Further historical facts would hardly bear out the statement: "After a time intelligent men, seeing the denominations entirely incapable of uniting, began to turn to institutions secularly endowed, or towards the State as the only hope for great and well-equipped seats of learning." There are thousands of parents here in America who want their sons and daughters educated under religious influence.

As to Mr. Pritchett, it is known that he a few years ago most assiduously, though inconsistently, maintained that the State universities had the highest kind of religion. The so-called broad social service, without some religious conviction, is like an electric wire without a current.

F. HEIERMANN, S.J.

St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, O., November 1.

Literature

AN OPPONENT OF BURKE.

The Life of Charles, Third Earl of Stanhope. Commenced by Ghita Stanhope, revised and completed by G. P. Gooch. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.50 net.

"Disraeli once spoke of Shelburne," Mr. Gooch remarks, "as one of the suppressed characters of English history. Shelburne's friend, Charles, third Earl of Stanhope, is another." The well-known "Political History of England," edited by Hunt and Poole in twelve volumes, grudgingly gives him five lines; the "History of England," seven volumes, edited by Oman, merely mentions his name, while Lecky ignores him altogether. Although there is the tendency common to works of this nature to give its subject a prominence which the facts scarcely justify, the reviewer lays aside the Life with the conviction that its publication is a real service to history. With just enough description to enable the general reader to understand the leading problems which the Earl attempted to solve, Lord Stanhope and his contemporaries are allowed to tell the story through copious extracts from letters, speeches, newspaper articles, and pamphlets. This method of treatment, which renders the perusal somewhat dry, enhances the value of the work for the student of history. The biography is based upon the family papers at Chevening, unpublished material in the Record Office and in the British Museum, and the printed sources. It deserves the careful attention of all persons interested in early democratic reform and early scientific investigation.

Charles, third Earl of Stanhope, 1753 to 1816, was educated at Geneva, where he was imbued with Puritanic views of life and strong democratic ideals. He resolutely refused to wear powdered curls and kept "a bottle of sirrup and water to drink healths." After the outbreak of the French Revolution he styled himself Citizen Stanhope and tore down the coronets from the iron gate at Chevening. It is reported that when he restored the family coach at the insistence of his wife and daughters, he remarked, "Well, well, we will see; but damn it! no armorial bearings." In his will he expressed his desire that his funeral "may be conducted without the least ostentation, as if he were to die a very poor man." Although he was possessed of much property from which he gave liberally to charity and education and spent thousands of pounds upon scientific investigation, he lived a life of extreme frugality.

At the age of twenty-one he entered politics as the protégé of John Wilkes. As a member of the House of Commons he exerted all his energies to oppose the war with America, to secure adequate reform of Parliament, home rule for Ireland, and the repeal of the oppressive laws against Catholics and Dissenters. Henry Grattan, before the Irish House of Commons, referred to him as

"an Englishman who understood good sense and Constitution." A strong attachment existed between him and the younger Pitt, his brother-in-law, until the latter's alarmist and reactionary policy, occasioned by fear of the French Revolution, resulted in an irretrievable personal and political estrangement. He remained through life the ardent advocate of the reforms of Wilberforce, Clarkson, Wyvill, Cartwright, and was much admired by Price and Hardy. He exercised a powerful influence upon the masses, and while vehemently denouncing their oppression, always opposed violent methods. He was chairman of the Revolution Society when it voted the famous resolutions, in 1789, congratulating the National Assembly upon its accomplishments. The next year he wrote a thirty-page pamphlet in answer to Burke's denunciations in Parliament. In this pamphlet, which rapidly passed through three English editions and numerous French translations, he declared: "The Revolution in France is one of the most memorable pages in history, and no political event was, perhaps, ever more pregnant with good consequences to future ages. That great and glorious Revolution will, in time, disseminate throughout Europe liberality of sentiment, and a just regard for political, civil, and religious liberty." These views he continued to hold, when nearly every other English statesman lost his senses and helped plunge England into a period of arbitrary rule paralleled only by the worst days of the Stuarts. Napoleon he hated as the destroyer of liberties. But while praising Wellington for his part in Napoleon's overthrow, he hotly resented England's share in replacing the Bourbons on the throne of France.

Burke he regarded as "the high priest of reaction," and went so far as to show that Burke had fallen foul of the law of high treason in asserting that the crown of England was not elective. He was the close friend of Condorcet and Rochefoucauld; his letters and speeches were printed in the *Moniteur*, and his name was well known throughout France. His defence of the principles of the French Revolution and his opposition to the war with France brought down upon him a storm of invective. Horace Walpole spoke of the "ravings of a lunatic, imagining he could set the world on fire with Phosphorus," and the *Rolliad* dubbed him "the Quixote of the Nation." His house was burned over his head by a mob, set on, he believed, by some one high in authority.

After five years of absence from the Upper House, where his denunciations of the French war had been received with scorn, he returned in 1800 to oppose the Act of Union with Ireland, and later the War of 1812 with the United States. In his later years he worked upon a codification of the statutes, abolition of imprisonment for debt, and a simplification of legal procedure. Aside from Fox's Libel Act and the abolition of the slave trade, which he was in no small measure responsible for forcing through the House of Lords, nearly every reform which he advocated failed of adoption during his

lifetime, because it was regarded as visionary, if not indeed destructive of social order. Since his death nearly every one of these measures has been placed upon the statute book. Wraxall said of him: "His ardent, zealous, and impetuous mind, tinged with deep shades of republicanism and eccentricity . . . was equally marked by a bold originality of character, very enlightened views of the public welfare, inflexible pertinacity, and a steady uprightness of intention . . . a man who at every period of his life, whether as a commoner or a peer, displayed the same ardent, fearless, indefatigable, and independent character."

In the field of applied science the Earl's reputation was great. At the age of seventeen he was awarded a prize by the Swedish Academy for his French treatise on the construction of pendulums. He made experiments in electricity with Franklin and Priestley, and his "Elements of Electricity," which appeared in 1779 and passed through several foreign translations, won for him membership in the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. He invented an adding machine, a lens which still bears his name, and a system of stereotype printing, acquired and long used by the Clarendon Press. He took out a patent for a steamboat in 1790 and made several successful trials. But he met with strange opposition from the Admiralty Board, and it is more than suggested that the Board was in some manner responsible for the otherwise unaccountable leaks which impaired the utility of his boats. He was in close relations with Robert Fulton in steamboat, canal, and torpedo-boat construction. Mr. Gooch justly remarks: "Few of his contemporaries touched the life of their age at so many points."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Wells can tell an excellent story when he will, but is seldom content to be a storyteller. As he says on one of the five hundred-odd pages of this book: "To invent stories to save middle-aged prosperous middle-class people from the distresses of thinking is surely no work for a self-respecting man." As a judgment upon pure fiction, this reminds one of Carlyle's dismissal of Scott as a "restaurateur." Granting that a novelist is primarily an entertainer, the fact remains that at his best he is more than that. He does not consciously cater to customers of some particular class or age, nor does he consciously challenge such a body of customers.

Mr. Wells is never able to get the middle-aged, middle-class, respectable Briton out of his head. He not only does not wish to divert him from thinking, he wishes to force him to think; and the way to do that—it is the way of Shaw and Chesterton, and the whole clever crew—is alternately to shock and to lecture him. Not that the operator must seem to take himself seriously; Mr. Wells somewhere in this book intelligibly

"places" himself as a story-teller who is above all things determined to be "British and Gothic and unclassical." And somewhere else he more than hints that everybody's business is the novelist's business.

At the risk of revealing himself hopelessly middle-aged and middle-class, the present reviewer must admit that he does not share Mr. Wells's contempt for his Sir Isaac's contempt for "littry ideas," as applied to concrete matters. "I dessay I'm all wrong," cries poor Sir Isaac, with his millions and his belated "Victorian" views of commercial and domestic life. "I dessay I don't know anything about anything and all those chaps you read, Bernud Shaw, and Gosworthy, and all the rest of them are wonderfully clever, but you tell me, Elly, what they say we've got to do. You tell me that. You go and ask some of those chaps just what they want a man like me to do. . . . they grumble and they grumble; I don't say there's not a lot to grumble at, but give me something they'll back themselves for all they are worth as good to get done. That's where I don't agree with all these ideas. They're Wind, Elly. Weak Wind at that."

Mr. Wells has always been full of Ideas, rather at the cost of his integrity as a "littry" artist. Sir Isaac and Lady Harman and the amiable Mr. Brumble are well worth attending to for their own sakes, but having given them life, Mr. Wells cannot let them alone. Mr. Brumble must become a mouthpiece for some of his creator's social and industrial theories, and Lady Harman must exert herself to put them in practice. In this book, therefore, as in almost all of his fiction except the inimitable "Mr. Polly," his vein of sound humor, his faculty of characterization, are overlaid with "Ideas." And there are so many persons in the world who have nothing better to do than write tracts and invent nostrums!

Fine Clay. By Isabel C. Clarke. New York: Benziger Brothers.

This is a story of a purpose which actuated three generations, growing stronger in each and triumphing wonderfully in the third. The story chiefly concerns Yolande, daughter of Major Maxim Pascoe, a British soldier, who, while in service in India, met Veronica Chesson and her father, globe-trotters. He married Veronica, who lived only long enough after the birth of Yolande to see her christened by the same priest who had officiated at the marriage. Major Pascoe is not over-particular in the personal affairs of life, except to adhere rigidly to the promise made to Veronica that Yolande should be reared under Catholic instruction. While she is still too young to recognize sophistry, she visits London and there meets Gifford Lumleigh, heir of a prominent family, whose property is subject to a provision in an ancestral will that no part of it should ever pass into Catholic hands. Gifford, nevertheless, determines to marry Yolande, and her love for him enables her to undergo many hardships due to his poor management of their

affairs. Their son, Ambrose Maxim Gifford Lumleigh, whose existence becomes known to Gifford's parents only after his death, is sought for the world over. Shortly after his mother's death he is found in Italy, taken from the faithful nurse, and established in England for proper training. But the teachings of his mother remain with him, and enable him, after many years, to triumph in a most dramatic manner.

Diane and Her Friends. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

It is hard to believe that a full generation has passed since, with "But Yet a Woman," Mr. Hardy made himself known to a large audience. That striking novel appeared in 1883. Best-sellers had not yet been so christened, and it may be they did not exist in that golden sense which now attaches to the term. Mr. Hardy's genesis as an author was in a sense old-fashioned. He did not emerge, with a punch, out of the street, or even out of the reporter's room. He had already been for ten years a professor at Dartmouth College when "But Yet a Woman" appeared, and such he remained for another ten, publishing another novel or two, but by no means making up to his public in the business-like way now expected of successful authors. At forty-six he accomplished the rare and difficult feat of ceasing to be a professor; and after a short experience as editor of a popular magazine, again denied his public by becoming a diplomat. The decade of his service produced a single novel, and this is but the second volume of fiction to come from his hand since his retirement in 1905. In forty years he has produced, all told, five or six volumes of fiction. A method so costly, or, to use the current phrase, an "output" so limited, might be the result of either caution or indolence. We do not believe it is the latter in this instance. Mr. Hardy's fiction is not great, but it is distinguished, and distinction is not achieved without pain.

Its style betrays it as the work of that old-fashioned person, a literary artist:

You know how marvellously the dead leaves of the dead year disappear, how little by little the naked branches take on those faint colors which herald the spring, and then, after days of alternate sun and cold, and delays without number, how, in spite of all of these warnings, we are suddenly astonished to find every leaf and bud in its place, and to hear the strife of chattering birds seeking nests.

There is, to be sure, nothing striking in such English as this; one fancies some school of advertising or of journalism setting an exercise: "Take following passage and give real Punch!" Its merit is that which conceals itself; its simplicity has a haunting grace or graciousness.

The book is not a novel, but a series of episodes in the lives of a loosely bound group of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, ranging from the aristocratic Diane and the cynical boulevardier De Sade to Inspector Joly, efficient servant of the Prefecture and man

of sentiment. These persons are sketched with a hand light, graceful, but unerring, and their racial atmosphere is conveyed with equal subtlety. That pseudo-Gallic patter which is so deadly familiar in Anglo-American stories of Paris is as far from these pages as from reality.

Bambi. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

"In a bubble over Bambi." That is where even the most satiated reader will quickly be. He cannot resist farther than page 152 at most. In the beginning, it is hard to decide whether "Bambi" is a novelized drama or a dramatized novel. In the end, one does not care, since he has had the enjoyment of reading it. "Bambi" is an American "Bunty," and the way she pulls the strings that manage everybody from the queer Herr Professor, her father, and her queerer husband Jarvis, whom she married out of hand like a progressive cave-woman, to the redoubtable Mr. Charles Frohman himself, is delicious. It does not matter that one knows that Bambi and the Professor and Jarvis are too good to be real—one enjoys them where they are. Miss Cooke makes her characters reveal themselves by their own words, and even manages to bring them physically before the mind's eye. The simplicity of style and clarity of expression are not the least of the book's charms.

THE STATE IN THE MAKING.

The State. By Franz Oppenheimer. Translated by John M. Gitterman. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.25 net.

The Collectivist State in the Making. By Emil Davies. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.60.

Problems in Political Evolution. By Raymond Gettell. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$2.

These three recent books approach the general problems of statecraft from somewhat different angles. Dr. Franz Oppenheimer's volume, which appeared six years ago, but is now for the first time translated into English, gives an epitome of the author's entire political philosophy. The writer, as most students of political science are already aware, is a docent in the University of Berlin and a leading exponent of the socio-psychological theory of the state. He seeks to explain all steps in political evolution from sociological standpoints. The genesis, essence, purpose, and future of the modern state are all viewed from this "royal highway of scientific inquiry," as the author terms it. Oppenheimer's writings have given rise to much discussion in his own land, and although he has been treated with disdain by the orthodox teachers of *Staatswissenschaft*, he has nevertheless gained a considerable popular following. It is well that the American reader should now have a chance to judge for himself as to the merits of this scholastic controversy. The classical interpretations of social evolution from Plato to Benjamin Kidd have not succeeded in satisfying everybody. Each

new political diagnostician is accordingly sure to get some circle of interested listeners.

Of a much more practical nature is Emil Davies's book on "The Collectivist State in the Making," which deals with the increasing economic activity of public authority in State and municipality. There is some discussion of the forces which have promoted collectivist policy and of the limits which may be set to collectivism; but in the main the book is devoted to an enumeration of things now done in various parts of the world by the community for its own people. The relation of collectivism to the labor problem is touched upon briefly in the closing pages of the volume.

The only assertion that the author makes on behalf of his book is that it is not academic. If by this he means that he has not gathered or sifted his material impartially, his contention is entirely well founded. While professing to make his volume a record of both successes and failures in collectivism, the author has, as a matter of fact, paid very little attention to the failures, although he might have found some conspicuous examples, such as London's ill-starred experiences with municipal steamboats, without going very far from his own doorway. The full calendar of collectivist successes, as Mr. Davies sets them before us, embraces almost every conceivable field of business enterprise: mining and manufacture, the retailing of merchandise, banking and pawnbroking, the ownership and operation of hotels, warehouses, grain elevators and abattoirs, the management of insurance agencies and undertaking establishments, not to mention the host of ordinary public utilities which have so generally passed under community control. Collectivism as a policy is steadily gaining ground. On that point the evidence given in the book is adequate. Whether it is, as the author contends, "the only remedy visible for many of the evils from which modern society suffers and the only possible solution of the ever-more-threatening labor difficulty" (p. 207), is quite another question.

Professor Gettell's "Problems in Political Evolution" differs from both the foregoing volumes in its wholly non-controversial tone. It is an historical study of the origin and nature of the state, together with an analysis of the influences which have moulded its growth, and of the problems which public authority has been and is still called upon to solve. The author has not attempted to settle any controverted questions. His intention has been to state problems, not to solve them. More particularly, he has tried to show that every political problem is the product of many forces, economic, social, or religious, and cannot be profitably studied in isolation. Many problems of present-day interest are thus brought forward for consideration as to the various factors involved—for example, the proper relation of the state to the church, to industrial organizations, and to political parties.

Within the limits laid down the author

has done his work with carefulness and good sense. He has made good use of available materials, although not always with perfect discrimination as to their relative values. The book is well planned and clearly written. Its discussions are well within the comprehension of elementary students. The ever-present danger of gaining conciseness at the expense of accuracy has been on the whole successfully avoided. Without attempting to present new theories or novel points of view, Professor Gettell has furnished the student of political science with a useful conspectus of the forces which have welded the state into unity.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

American Public Opinion. By James Davenport Whelpley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.

This volume contains fourteen chapters, seven of which first appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* of London, five in the *Century Magazine*, the other two being here presented for the first time. They furnish a consistent view of American affairs, with special reference to our relations with foreign nations. Mr. Whelpley is amiable when most critical, and does not let our weaknesses overcloud our sterling qualities in the reader's mind. He possesses a fair share of that optimism which he attributes to us as a race, and in his case it is not an unthinking optimism, but the result of a careful balancing of contemporary events. The world at large should think none the worse of us for what he has written; indeed, it will not be his fault if it does not have an enhanced opinion of us, for underlying much in American life which to the casual observer may seem to betoken ignorance, indifference, and lack of dignity, he detects a spirit indicative of sound and stimulating national character.

The keynote of the life of America is optimism, he tells us; yet a vast majority of the American people are intelligent, unusually well educated considering their resources, and possessed of a practical vision which quickly penetrates fraud or charlatanry. In other words, the nation as a whole is possessed of a goodly supply of shrewd common-sense. It is not a slow and calculating quality in this case, and many mistakes are made, but are righted with equal swiftness when the sham is exposed. American characteristics are energy, directness, shrewdness, lack of subtlety, a more or less strong provincialism. The American is quickly aroused and quickly pacified, and he will, as a rule, meet his opponent more than half way to patch up a quarrel, whether it originated with the other man or himself. He is sensitive to criticism or ridicule, though quick to criticize or ridicule others, but likes a man who is ready at repartee, even though it be of rather obvious nature. His provincialism in most of its phases is one of the greatest strengths of the nation of which he is a unit.

This hits us off rather well, and on the

whole is a characterization which should please us; though it stamps us as lacking sophistication, it indicates that we possess plentifully the primitive instincts by which nations rise to greatness. The diplomacy of America, declares Mr. Whelpley in his chapter on American Foreign Relations, may indeed be termed that of the daylight. The subtleties of Old World diplomacy are not for Washington, but perhaps, he adds, this may be no real loss to the cause of international peace and understanding, towards which America, in the peculiar simplicity of her foreign affairs and policies, has contributed in no small degree. The troubles of Americans are more superficial than those of any other great nation, for America is sound at heart, spiritually, industrially, and financially. That these troubles, superficial though they may be when the state of the nation as a whole is considered, are serious, is undeniable. The effort of the politicians to become great heroes of reform is not only doing away with acknowledged evils, but incidentally destroying much that has taken years of intelligent labor to construct. The situation resembles the state of a householder who, having sent for the fire department to extinguish a small blaze, finds the contents of the entire house apparently ruined by floods of water and the axes of the willing firemen. The damage is not as great as appearances indicate, but it is serious enough to cause dismay on the part of the owner and the onlooker. Yet all that is of the surface. The American people, in the judgment of this intelligent and amiable critic, are working out the greatest experiment in a government by a people for a people that the world has ever seen. The very throes through which the nation is passing are but the casting out of devils, some of whom are most fetching in their borrowed robes of white and halos of reform.

We have been careful to indicate the writer's fundamental optimism regarding us before calling attention to those things in our national life which he visits with genuine censure. Of such there is no lack. In Washington at the present time, for example, the nation is conducting at enormous cost a practical school of politics and statecraft. To this school have been sent a lot of ambitious, well-intentioned men, ignorant of the practical workings of the machinery of government, without consciousness of foreign affairs, "and with all the pedagogical instinct of the teacher rather than the willingness of the public to learn." Even more explicit is this:

The legal department of the Government at Washington, in its efforts to keep up a fight against "Big Business," resembles the militant suffragist pursuing a window-breaking campaign after the purpose that might have been intended originally has been thwarted by lack of novelty and the boredom of the public. There were undoubtedly evils in connection with the conduct of the affairs of all the great American industrial combinations, sins against public policy, but they were sins committed in self-de-

fence or self-aggrandizement, and condoned by the public and the law for so many years that they became an acknowledged part of the system. It was unquestionably possible to correct these errors without the sudden, merciless, and unintelligent attacks upon industry as a whole which have marked this era of alleged reform. In the end violence reacts upon itself, and the public suffers rather than benefits, as is already apparent.

Whatever his predispositions, the reader will not be able to call these essays uninteresting. A great many subjects are discussed, all of them highly debatable: "big business," the tariff, Mexico, free tolls, immigration, American diplomats, American foreign relations in the Far East and in Europe. The discussion is always spirited, but is carried on with a detachment calculated to make the dissentient reader wonder if, after all, there is not more in what the writer says than he cares to admit.

Notes

The Outing Publishing Company announces the publication of "The Pawns of Liberty," by Corinne S. and Tadoslav A. Tsanoff.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce that they have in press for immediate publication a biographical and critical study of the Life and Work of Prof. Heinrich von Treitschke, by Adolph Hausraath.

Harper & Brothers announce the publication of: "California. An Intimate History," by Gertrude Atherton; "With Sabre and Scalpel," by John Allan Wyeth; "Life in America One Hundred Years Ago," by Galliard Hunt; "May Iverson's Career," by Elizabeth Jordan; "The Last Rose of Summer," by Rupert Hughes; "Before the Baby Comes," by Marianna Wheeler.

The following books are announced by Houghton Mifflin Company: "S. F. B. Morse: Letters and Journals," by Edward L. Morse; "Prints: A brief Review of Their Technique and History," by Emil H. Richter; "The Eskimo Twins," by Lucy Fitch Perkins; "Shifting Sands," by Mrs. Romilly Fadden; "The Old Diller Place," by Winifred Kirkland; a new edition of "China Under the Empress Dowager," by J. O. P. Bland and Edmund Backhouse, and a new Collection of Poems by Clinton Scollard.

The "Modern Reader's Chaucer," the prose rendering by John S. P. Tatlock and Percy MacKaye, with illustrations by Warwick Goble, which appeared two years ago, is reprinted (Macmillan; \$2 net). The Prologue seems as much of a travesty, upon being re-read, as it seemed at first, but other portions of the volume deserve praise for the way in which they have been adapted to the requirements of the persons for whom the version is intended.

The long roll of Dr. A. S. Way's verse translations from the classics is lengthening more rapidly than ever; one begins to wonder whether he, too, is not an association of rhapsodists! His latest publications are "Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus" and "The

Song of Roland" (Cambridge University Press; Putnam). In both versions he employs the long, free, six-stress ballad line, rhyming in couplets:

Shattered in glittering fragments is the blade of many a sword,
Rolled red surges of battle over many a valliant lord.

This measure serves admirably for the "Roland," but to the "Idylls" it gives an outlandish look and sound. Indeed, the versions from the Greek, though respectable in scholarship and by no means lacking in excellent passages, are as a whole disappointing. The very spirit of the *chanson de geste*, on the other hand, pervades Dr. Way's translation of the "Roland." Reading, one shares in it all with eager heart, from the fateful anxiety of the council to the loyal comradeship, the superb patriotism, the heroic faith of Roncesvaux. The changing episodes are set forth in vivid simplicity; and the verse, if less restrained than the French in rhythm and metaphor, is none the less vigorous and dignified. Deeply impressive as the Roland is at any time, it is doubly impressive in these days, when the valor of "sweet France" is marshalled against another invading horde. The panoply of war was different then:

But ever the foe draw nearer by hidden gorge and vale;
Clad are they all in hauberks, in links of the knitted mail.

With helmets laced and with broadswords girt ride cavaliers,
Their shields from their necks are swinging: there be ranks of targeteers,

There be glittering points of javellins, and ordered lines of spears.

But its bitterness is the same:

Whoso had heard the war-glaves on the helmets ring death's knell,

Whoso had seen the heroes as from saddle fast they fell,

Had heard the moans of the dying, on the hard earth as they lay,

Ah, long should he have remembrance of the woe of a fearful day.

And the hearts of men are the same:

"Thine hand, O friend and companion!" each unto other saith:

"It may hap that I die before thee, but I fall thee not unto death!"

Random comment upon America and American ways as he saw them, first in New York, and then in the course of a walking trip from the metropolis to Chicago, is the characteristic of Stephen Graham's "With Poor Immigrants to America" (Macmillan; \$2 net), much of which is here reprinted from *Harper's Magazine*. The result is the inadequate view of us that one would expect from so cavalier a mode of investigation, made a bit irritating by the evident fact that the writer is intelligent enough to draw a more lifelike picture if he only were not in so great a hurry to finish his articles and get back to Russia, which, whatever its deficiencies, is "home once more."

If the general opinion of Stevenson's genius as a writer has recently undergone some abatement, there are few signs of slackening interest in him as a man. Mrs. Stevenson's "Cruise of the Janet Nichol" (Scribner; \$1.75 net) will be valued as a side-light upon one of those South Sea adventures in which the doomed but indomitable Scot so delighted. The present record is modestly accounted for as "originally only intended to be a collection of hints to help my husband's memory where his own diary had fallen in arrears."

Much of the material was rewritten by Stevenson, and the notes so developed have been here omitted, as well as numerous entries of a personal nature. A chief reason for printing what remains lay in the need of correcting various recent fabrications in connection with Stevenson's voyages. "No one, outside of our immediate family," says Mrs. Stevenson, "sailed with us on any of our cruises. All the books 'With Stevenson' here, and 'With Stevenson' there, are manufactured out of 'such stuff as dreams are made on,' and false in almost every particular. Contrary to the general opinion, my husband was a man of few intimate friends, and even with these he was reticent to a degree." The Janet Nichol was a six-hundred-ton cargo steamer, with schooner rig. She set out upon an ordinary trading cruise from Sydney in April, 1890, returning in July. Her course ran to New Zealand, Samoa, and the Gilbert and Marshall Islands, with several side trips to islands well off the common trade routes. She carried a crew of fifty—mainly blacks—three officers, one of the owners, a trader returning to his island station, the Stevensons, and Lloyd Osbourne. The liveliest member of the company was the trader, named Buckland and known as "Tin Jack." He was the original of Tommy Hadden in "The Wrecker," and was very proud of the fact. The details of the cruise are interesting, though they add nothing of moment to our impression of Stevenson. They show him delighting in the island dwellers, and adored by them. He was, as always, a sick man, and had one serious hemorrhage in the course of the voyage, from which he rallied with his usual courage and with that strange tenacity which had so often pulled him through, and was to keep him alive for some four years still. The pictures show him habituated in that ruffianly manner which clearly pleased him as "dressing up" pleases a child.

Volume XLVII of the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society is more than ordinarily rich. Of the numerous documents, perhaps the most important are the series of letters, from the John Wilkes papers in the British Museum, comprising addresses and other communications sent to Wilkes from Boston in 1768-70. A paper by Cotton Mather on witchcraft, with keen and pungent notes by Robert Calef, is contributed by Worthington C. Ford, who, as usual, furnishes informing notes. A selection from the letters of Elbridge Gerry, written between 1797 and 1814, affords interesting glimpses of Washington society, particularly during the administration of Madison; while the contemporary literature of the Civil War is enriched by two letters of Joseph Lyman, 1861-62, and the correspondence between the Duke and Duchess of Argyll and Charles Sumner. Of the papers by members of the Society, the most notable are Charles Francis Adams's "A Crisis in Downing Street," dealing with the activities of Sildell in England following the Trent affair, and Prof. Edward Channing's "Washington and Parties," in which the seriousness of the political problems confronting Washington, and the connection between his longing for advice and the institution of the Cabinet, are concisely stated. Appreciative mention should also be made of Edward Stanwood's historical review of trade reciprocity with Canada, although the subject itself hardly seems to fall within the Society's sphere.

For the subject of the Storrs Lectures, delivered before the Yale Law School, Judge Lucilius A. Emery chose to talk "Concerning Justice," and these lectures are now published by the Yale University Press. The book, like its companions in the series, is small in compass, but it is well freighted with thought. The earlier chapters deal historically with the philosophical conception of justice and right and natural law in themselves, and contain a good deal of learning in little space. In one point Judge Emery is at fault. He quotes the ironic dismay of Socrates in the "Republic," after the debate with Thrasymachus: "The result of the whole discussion has been that I know nothing at all; I know not what justice is, and therefore am not likely to know whether or not it is a virtue"; and he implies that no definition of justice was arrived at by Plato in the course of the dialogue. That is an odd lapse or bit of ignorance; but in general Judge Emery's scholarship is sufficient, and leads up nicely to his own more legal and practical definition. "Justice," he says, "is the equilibrium between the full freedom of the individual and the restrictions thereon necessary for the safety of society. . . . In other words, it is equal freedom, equal restraint. It is order and harmony. Plato and Aristotle were right in teaching that order is an essential element of justice." The question follows: Who is to determine the limits of this equilibrium, and what power is to enforce them when determined? The rest of the little book is given up to answering this question from the point of view of a wise and legally trained conservative. The conclusion may best be summed up in the author's own words:

Justice is more firmly secured by government with a division of powers, with a written Constitution excluding from governmental interference such personal rights as long experience has shown to be necessary both for the happiness and efficiency of the individual subject and for the welfare and efficiency of all; and, finally, with an independent judiciary to defend those rights when assailed, as they often have been, and will be, by impatient and changeable majorities.

We are not informed whether "The King of the Dark Chamber," copyrighted by the Drama League of America and published by the Macmillan Company, is an early work of Rabindranath Tagore's now resuscitated or a new production; but we have a distinct feeling that each fresh volume from that fertile pen is a step downwards—with the exception of the deep drop middle volume, "Sādhanā," which was a wearisome display of what the virile old Hindu Vedānta can become when wish-washed over with the Maeterlinckian twilight. The earliest published volume, called "Gitanjali," contained some really exquisite prose poems, in a vein of wistful mysticism, though the furor it created in certain circles was out of all proportion to its value. But the present play, which turns on the invisibility of a royal and spiritually symbolic despot, seems to us to carry the *théâtre de l'âme* to a point where it ceases to have any but the faintest interest for any but the faintest souls. We trust we are not unfair to the distinguished author, and admit that it is very easy for a sober judgment to revolt overmuch from a writer who comes heralded as "one of the few great world-figures in poetry and philosophy," and from writings which are announced as "the perfect union of beauty and truth in poetry." Such sentiments are heard in drawing-rooms, as well

as in the publishers' advertisements, and are merely silly nonsense, as we hope Mr. Tagore would himself admit. Dramas like "The King of the Dark Chamber" will probably do a good service by putting an end to that sort of talk; and we shall be allowed to enjoy the really charming lyrics of our Hindu poet as they deserve to be enjoyed.

"Republican Rome" is the second of the series of Great Nations (Stokes & Co.; \$2.50 net), in which "an attempt is made to tell the stories of the great nations from the modern historical standpoint." The manuscript was completed by its author, H. L. Havell, just before his fatal accident, and the necessary illustrations, maps, etc., were left to other hands, whose work in this department deserves all praise. As regards the book itself, we consider the publishers' announcement rather misleading, if we understand the expression "modern historical standpoint" aright. It is, in fact, an eminently readable and scholarly history of the Roman republic, well worth the perusal of the layman who would fain renew his touch with ancient Rome. Written by one who was saturated with Latin literature, but less versed, it would seem, in the philosophy of history as understood at the present day, its method is largely conventional. As in the legendary period heroic figures necessarily loom large, so, when we stand on firmer ground, we are too much confronted by great men posing as types of their epochs. If we have a fault to find with the volume, judged from the standpoint we have laid down, it is that it lacks balance. The endless wars of the early Republic are treated in detail more suited to a textbook than to a work of wider outlook; the social and political matter, while well stated, is often inadequate. As an example, take the author's treatment of the position of women. This is confined, in the main, to two brief passages, one, of the conventional type, under the caption The Marriage Law; the other, no less conventional, but ending with a lively description of the invasion of the Forum by Roman ladies "prepared to do battle for their earrings and necklaces." The book is extremely well made, and the illustrations are far above the ordinary standard.

In the first volume of his "Studies in Ancient Hindu Polity" (Longmans), Narendra Nath Law has brought together in popular form the data obtainable from the recently published text of the Arthaśāstra, of Kautilya, the Minister of Candragupta, who lived in the fourth century B. C. As the whole subject of administrative machinery is reserved for a second volume, the present work is confined to the discussion of legal procedure, laws of contract, irrigation, care of live stock, game, means of communication between different parts of the kingdom, etc. All the subjects are handled not only in the Arthaśāstra, but also in the law-books. The latter, however, are more or less theoretical; the Arthaśāstra is a practical manual, and is thus of great historical importance, if it is really a work of Candragupta's minister. An introduction on the age and authenticity of the Arthaśāstra by Prof. Radhakumud Mookerji, discusses the moot question whether this work should be ascribed to Kautilya. It may be a manual of later date attributed to him. Neither Mr. Law nor Professor Mookerji refers to one argument of some weight, namely, that the Arthaśāstra agrees with later rather than with

earlier law-books in several particulars. Moreover, the Arthaśāstra recognizes the zenana, which is not an early institution, the fifth Rock Edict, cited (p. xliii) in support of the contrary, furnishing no evidence in this regard. An occasional freedom in translation is also to be noticed. Thus "royal passports" (p. 30) should be "the seal of the king." On p. 40, the reference to horses of Vanāyu is found in the Mahabharata as well as the Rāmāyana; but Vanāyu (or Banāyu) is not certainly Arabia. Written agreements used in contracts are mentioned in Kautilya's work as they are in later law-books, but not in the earliest. On this and other grounds it still remains questionable whether the Arthaśāstra is what it pretends to be or what many scholars regard it as being. For this reason, despite its great historical value, since in any case it is a venerable document, it may not be cited as a work indubitably of the fourth century B. C., although its detailed provisions in the matter of public polity will always be of interest. It may be said in general that these provisions confirm in many respects the account of Megasthenes, as they corroborate the dicta of the Dharmasāstra, and this fact alone speaks for the genuine character of the work as a reflex of ancient conditions, the only questions being whether it is quite as old as the fourth century and whether it may all be attributed to its reputed author.

The same publishers have just issued a little volume entitled "The Fundamental Unity of India," which professes to show from Hindu sources that the Hindus recognized a fatherland or motherland as long ago as the Vedic period and that they have always treasured the feeling of patriotism for India as a whole, probably the most improbable thesis ever maintained in a land notorious for historical fallacies. The author is Prof. Radhakumud Mookerji, who wrote the introduction to the "Studies in Ancient Hindu Polity" (above), and the English labor leader, J. Ramsay MacDonald, writes an introduction in turn for Professor Mookerji. Both the writer and his introducer urge that the "sense of nationhood" must inspire Hindus; but the Englishman merely urges the present necessity, while Mr. Mookerji patriotically, but, as we think, vainly, ascribes this sense to the ancient Hindus. As an example of the argumentation may be cited the use made of a Vedic hymn to mother earth, here utilized to show that Vedic Indians were "patriotic." Any one familiar with this hymn must smile at its employment for such a purpose. Another hymn invokes various rivers, whence is drawn the conclusion that the poet's mind "traverses the entire area of his native land and grasps an image of the whole as a visible unit and form." The colonization of Southern India is represented as accomplished by the seventh century B. C., to which date are referred both Pāṇini and the two epics! The Vedic ceremony of consecration of a "king over kings" reveals also (it is argued) a sense of nationhood. Hence the general conclusion that, from very early times, the political consciousness of the people had "grasped the whole of India as a unit," and that religion and political experience had led to "the perception of the fundamental unity of India." Finally, "India's gift to the world has been the fair fabric of an Empire, a Nationality, founded on the basis of Universal Peace" (*ahinsā*). *Ahinsā* in fact merely implies that a man must not

wantonly injure living creatures! Universal peace was the ideal of one Buddhist Emperor, who also, like all Buddhists, inculcated the doctrine of "non-injury" (*ahimsā*). Even in his day there was no patriotism in the modern sense; nor has India ever felt itself one homogeneous country. It has expressed no love of country in its poetry, because it has had no sense of country. Why not state boldly that India has never been bound by the narrow notion of patriotism? Its own poets say, "Where a man earns his livelihood, there is his country"; and again: "Only fools reckon this man or that as their own or foreign; the wise know that the whole earth is their home."

Students of Jewish magic will find much curious matter in "Sepher Maphteah Shelomo" ("The Key of Solomon"), edited by Prof. Hermann Gollancz (London: Oxford University Press; 42 shillings net). A facsimile of the manuscript (the only complete one known) is here given, with explanatory remarks and a few translations. The work is very old, Jewish in tone, with material taken from non-Jewish sources. The magical formulas are such as are found in all such works—they guard against all dangers and summon demons to do one's will. A complete English translation of the treatise would be welcome.

Science

PROFESSOR MÜNSTERBERG'S PSYCHOLOGY.

Psychology, General and Applied. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.75 net.

"It can hardly be claimed," says the author in his preface, "that a new textbook of Psychology is needed because there is a lack of new ones. . . . Yet the plan and aim of the present book are very different from all of them." The difference, he tells us, lies in the fact that his treatment covers applied as well as general psychology; includes "social psychology" as well as the "individual psychology" to which the ordinary textbook is limited; and adds to the usual "causal psychology" its complement in what he would call "purposive psychology." The author thus emphasizes again the importance he attributes to the "applied psychology" he has himself attempted to develop in a number of separate volumes, and at the same time tries to show that his mode of approach enables him to cover the field of social psychology lately brought into prominence by MacDougall and others, to whom he strangely makes no acknowledgments. But he steps beyond this in endeavoring to show that certain fields which others have found difficult to explore must be approached from a direction quite diverse from that which yields the results most familiar to the psychological student.

This last mentioned thesis, already suggested in previous works, he evidently considers the distinguishing mark of his treatment of the subject. He tells us (p. 11) "that we can try to explain mental life, and that we can try to understand mental life"; and that these two modes of consideration

yield two diverse branches of psychology, viz., "causal" and "purposive." "These two accounts do not exclude each other; they supplement each other, they support each other, they demand each other" (p. 17). "The aim of the causal psychology is the explanation of the mental processes" (p. 21), while purposive psychology aims to understand their meaning (p. 287). Our author is thus including more than will be admitted to be properly included by those who would look upon psychology as the science of mind; a field that is well covered by what he calls "causal psychology." Indeed, those who would oppose his broader inclusion will doubtless contend that he is treating of metaphysical concepts in a field from which such treatment should be rigidly excluded. That this point may well be made is indicated by the subjects embraced in his survey of this "purposive" field as given by the captions of his chapters: Immediate Reality, The Soul, Meaning, Creation, Practical Relations, Ideal Relations. He tells us, indeed (p. 313), and perhaps in an effort to forestall such a criticism, "that the careful research, with all the aid of experimental and comparative methods, may just as well be devoted to the purposive aspect of mental life" as to the causal. So positive a statement from one who has all the facilities of the well-equipped Harvard laboratories at his command naturally leads the reader to look for a record in his pages of some examples of such application of these methods; and when one looks in vain one cannot but be led to conclude that the author has made an unjustified assertion, and one is thus likely to be confirmed in the conviction that this "purposive psychology" is a bit of metaphysics quite irrelevant to the subject matter the writer undertakes to treat.

Turning to the discussion of "causal psychology" to which the bulk of the volume is devoted, and bearing in mind the author's early predilection for physiological psychology, it is interesting to note that, although he holds this "causal psychology" to be necessarily based upon neural functioning, he is nevertheless willing to omit all detailed account of this functioning, and of the anatomy and physiology of the nerve system upon which it depends. This is surely a most hopeful sign; for our modern psychological textbooks have too often so emphasized this study of the nerve system that the student has come to mistake a certain branch of physiology for psychology; an error against which our author gives warning (p. 213) in calling attention to the fact that the modern "behaviorist" is not in any true sense a psychologist at all. His emphasis of the fact that the brain state corresponding with any given mental experience is determined as much by the nature of the motor outflow, if we may so speak, as by the nature of the incoming stimuli from the sense organs, is significant; but his whole treatment of this subject is colored by assumptions in relation to the nerve activities that correspond with consciousness, which were generally granted two decades ago, but which

many neurologists nowadays hesitate to accept. Thus he holds the extreme view (p. 42) that "most of the brain processes are not accompanied by psychical states at all"; and rejects summarily the hypothesis of the existence of psychic states beyond the field of awareness which are generally described by the unfortunate term "sub-conscious." He would lead the reader (p. 32) to believe that "the hypothesis that there are sub-conscious ideas" has been introduced "exclusively for the purpose of furnishing a causal explanation for the mental interplay." But this is far from the truth. This hypothesis has not been devised by the theoretical psychologist for this, or any like, reason; it has been forced upon him, so far as he has accepted it, by the observations of the neurologist and the pathologist. Indeed, he has so often dogmatically blinded himself to the import of these observations that the pathologist has found himself impelled to write a new psychology which may take account of the facts thus observed; and if the latter has made a sorry mess of it, the psychologist has himself to blame.

One might mention other instances where the author is led by the theoretical positions he maintains to uphold views not warranted by the evidence. He does not hesitate, for instance, to reiterate with positiveness the very questionable hypothesis that disagreeableness corresponds with a contraction of the flexor muscles, and agreeableness with activity of the extensor muscles; restating it (pp. 199-201) in these terms: "The excitement becomes pleasant or unpleasant if it is starting a movement of approach or withdrawal."

A writer who displays such characteristics must not complain if his work fails to carry conviction, in some directions, even to one who acknowledges its brilliancy and suggestiveness. We may, therefore, be pardoned if we hesitate to accept, for example, his dicta in regard to the racial differences between the Greco-Latins (inclusive, of course, of the French) and the Teutons (p. 234), which he sums up in the statement: "The southern peoples are children of the moment; the Teutonic live in the things which lie beyond the world, in the infinite and the ineffable."

"American Natural History," by William T. Hornaday (Scribner) is a reprinted and enlarged four-volume edition of the same work published ten years ago, and reviewed at that time in the pages of the *Nation*. As such it requires little additional comment, its many excellent qualities, together with the few shortcomings, being equally magnified in this expansion. One of the most important accretions is the considerable addition of data in regard to the relative value to man, and the need for protection, of mammals and birds. This phase is brought down to date and alone forms an excellent *raison d'être* for the work. The illustrations have suffered, appearing much less crisp than in the first printing, and it is unfortunate that a work of this kind, which is of first-rate value to the layman in moderate circumstances, should be put beyond the reach of many by a *de luxe* edition.

Drama

AN APOSTLE OF THE SPECTACLE.

The Theatre of Max Reinhardt. By Huntly Carter. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Mr. Huntly Carter has written a book which specialists should read and others doubtless will, since it contains first-hand information on a subject on which curiosity is active and knowledge scant. Furthermore, Mr. Carter is never uninteresting, and in one section of his theme, the section comprising visual appeals in art, he makes his judgment trusted. Beyond this he does not go. For permanent valuations, for posterity in short, he manifests an unconcern which it is safe to assume that posterity will reciprocate.

The construction of the work is rather loose; it includes many pages on the history of staging, inadequately related to Reinhardt, and contributing more to the size of the book than to the elucidation of the subject. The grasp of principles is feeble. Mr. Carter does not fail, it is true, to supply the abstract catchwords, impulse, intimacy, rhythmical unity, which are the tags of intellectualism, and he is quite capable of an off-hand paragraph of easy-going and light-hearted analysis, but the serious seeker for intellectual clearness must look elsewhere for his nutriment.

Mr. Carter is both art critic and dramatic critic, and, in his eyes, the second office is a branch of the first. A point of view so special and so closely analogous to Reinhardt's makes him an admirable judge of the success of the director in attaining his ends, but disqualifies him, *pari passu*, for pronouncing weighty verdicts on the ends themselves. The critique of the Reinhardt plays as spectacles impresses one as clear-sighted and even impartial, though the author's friendliness to the director makes him quick to suggest excuses for the shortcomings he is not unwilling to point out. But on the question of the rating of spectacle in the aggregate or abstract the critic vanishes in the partisan. The man who speaks with contempt of "the literary and moral theatre" (poor literature, through its addiction to bad companions, having at last incurred the opprobrium which long since overtook morality) has renounced the standards which make dramatic criticism interesting for a large section, at least of the cultivated classes. Mr. Carter has small respect for Ibsen; and a rather petulant vivacity, which sometimes rises into wit and sometimes sinks into puerility, becomes acrid on any mention of the works of Mr. Shaw.

What Reinhardt seeks and Mr. Carter approves is apparently a confederacy of many arts wherein the headship is to belong (though this is not expressly formulated), not to literature as in traditional drama, not to music as in traditional opera, but to spectacle or picture. The management of lights is to supply color; "intimacy" is to be reconciled with the amphitheatre by pushing forward the stage into the midst of the specta-

tors; seven experts are to combine the independence of seven minds with the concentration of one in a half-mystical co-directorship known as the Will of the Theatre; and a suggestive, even an "austere," simplicity is to be obtained at a great expense of ingenuity and cash in mechanical contrivance.

The doubts that overhang the absolute value and ultimate fortune of the Reinhardt productions will not be dispelled by Mr. Carter's book. Two points of relative clearness may be noted: First, the book cannot be said to give a *death-blow* to the hypothesis that Reinhardt is nothing more than a very enterprising, resourceful, and ingenious entertainer. Secondly, it seems highly probable that, if this supposition be wrong, if Reinhardt be an original and creative artist, the art in which he works is not drama in the sense which has made that term familiar and attractive to the imagination of mankind. The emphasis on spectacle and the reversion in the newer and more characteristic productions to sensation and crudity in plot create a half-presumption that the exodus of the art of Sophocles and Shakespeare from its modern house of bondage must be effected under other leadership. Mr. Carter's book, in spite of its author's perfect readiness to re-define drama in terms of Reinhardt, leaves that presumption virtually intact.

"MARY GOES FIRST."

In the *Nation* of October 29, reviewing the edition of this play by Henry Arthur Jones published under the auspices of the Drama League of America, we drew attention to the excellence of its literary and theatrical workmanship, and the opinion we expressed as to the merits of the piece is only confirmed by seeing the presentation of it on the stage of the Comedy Theatre by Miss Marie Tempest and her company. It acts even better than it reads, and is one of the rather rare instances of a play written for a star which makes no sacrifice of art to the demands of the stellar rôle. The lightest of light comedies, its plot is of the slightest. Its conspicuous merit lies in the ingenious manner in which the situation is developed naturally from a chance remark in the first act, in the brightness of its lines, and in its clever satire on contemporary manners and politics in England. The niceties of this satire naturally can hardly be as well appreciated here as in London, but the brilliant technique of the play, the sparkle of its dialogue, and the delightful acting of Miss Tempest in a rôle exceptionally suited to her piquant personality should insure its success.

In the reign of James I baronetries were purchasable for, if we remember aright, the relatively modest sum of £600. The price is considerably higher in our day, and the transaction less open and aboveboard. In "Mary Goes First" Mr. Jones gently satirizes the methods by which titles are obtained—the lesser titles of those who, as the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, himself a member of the order, once said, have ceased to be gentlemen and have not become noblemen—and displays the heart-burnings which may be expected to ensue in a provincial community when his Majesty has delighted to honor one of its prominent members. Mary Whichello has been the acknowledged leader of society in the fashion-

able suburb of an English provincial town until honest Tom Bodsworth, having presented a hospital to the community, becomes Sir Thomas, Knight Bachelor, and Mrs. Bodsworth, whom her neighbors have known as Fanny, blossoms like the rose as her Ladyship. Then, of course, she goes into dinner before Mary and, good vulgar soul that she is, is not above rubbing it in. In three acts and an epilogue Mr. Jones lets us see how the sprightly and nimble-witted Mary, outmatching her more sluggish rival in every exchange of repartee, urging on her easy-going husband to unheard-of and undesired ambitions, twisting a local lawyer and a precocious young politician round her little finger, finally regains her supremacy as social leader and becomes entitled, as the wife of a baronet, to precede Lady Bodsworth into the dining-room—a triumph, however, which in the end she good-naturedly foregoes.

Miss Tempest, as Mary Whichello, gives full value to the crisp dialogue which the author has written for her, playing the part in the true vein of light comedy. Franklin Dyall, as Richard Whichello—a rôle which ingeniously receives a new development in the second act, when Whichello's somewhat torpid ambitions are aroused by the clever prodding of his wife—and Graham Browne, as Felix Galpin, also keep well within the legitimate bounds of comedy. The same cannot altogether be said of the parts of Sir Thomas and Lady Bodsworth, which, as played by Kenyon Musgrave and Miss Kate Serjeantson, are sufficiently amusing, but are interpreted throughout in too farcical a vein, and the symmetry of the play is thus somewhat impaired. The same fault is noticeable in the Mr. Tadman of John Alexander. Other characters are interpreted adequately, if without any great distinction. Even, however, with a cast far less competent than the one which presents the piece at the Comedy Theatre, the outstanding merits of the play itself, which might almost serve as a model for the construction of light comedy, and the really delightful performance of Miss Tempest would make "Mary Goes First" one of the most enjoyable productions of the present season.

S. W.

"THAT SORT."

Mr. Basil MacDonald Hastings, who is said to have written "That Sort" with Nazimova in mind for the principal part, greatly overestimated her powers if he fancied that she could make the play seem vital. This is not to blame Nazimova, whose acting showed the possibilities of great fascination and was freer from mannerisms than her recent work had led one to believe was possible. Her enunciation, too, except for troublesome "s's" and "th's," was excellent. Yet, for all her exceptional abilities, the play dragged and appeared wrong-headed from the start; only a miracle could have raised it to the plane of solid drama.

Mr. Hastings has taken one of those rare cases against which Aristotle, a wiser man, strongly protested, as being incapable of dramatic credibility. The plot, in brief, involves the tragedy of a woman of thirty-four who, having married at seventeen and borne a child, was shortly divorced by her husband for infidelity, and, of course, deprived of the child. In the meantime, she has sunk to the depths, including the use of drugs, and just before the play opens has attempted to take her life. Why? Because it has suddenly come

over her how much she misses her child. Her mother-instinct has been thwarted, her bosom aches, and her arms are empty. It is not to be supposed that a woman, even after having led for seventeen years a life like hers, may not in rare cases feel what she does. But so remote an instance fails to catch the warm sympathy of the audience. And all that is later said with the object of bringing her into the company of her child has the ring of special pleading, instead, as it should do, of hammering on two or three conceptions which the audience can feel to be fundamentally true.

We need not recount the plot in full. After Dr. Maxwell has revived this woman from the attempted suicide, he learns her story, and is so moved that he resolves to further her wishes. It transpires that the former husband is his dear friend, Sir John Heppell, who is now remarried and is looking for a governess for the small offspring of the second union. The doctor sends Diana (such is the notorious beauty's name) to the country, and after six months, when, as he says, she is no longer Diana Laska, but now a pure, true woman, confronts Sir John with her. There is a scene, but she remains, and is much with her daughter, who, of course, does not know her identity. The big entanglement comes in the final act, when the daughter admits her engagement to Philip Goodier, of whom Diana had once been the mistress. The concluding tragedy is seen in Diana's resolution, which is precipitated by a threat from Philip, to retire from the household and to leave her daughter still in ignorance.

To our mind, the most interesting act of this silly play is the first—a fact which in itself condemns the piece—in which Diana, coming back to consciousness, reviews the sordidness of her career. Here Nazimova showed solid talent and was in all respects a fascinating, if appalling, figure. Other parts in the play, which is produced at the Harris Theatre, were taken by Messrs. Charles Bryant, Vincent Serrano, David Glassford, Wilfred Seagram, and Miss Charlotte Granville and Miss Beatrice Prentice. F.

"PAPA'S DARLING."

The musical comedy bearing this alluring title, which is presented by Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger at the New Amsterdam Theatre, though originally made in France under the title "Le Fils Surnaturel," has doubtless been considerably adapted to the supposed requirements of the American stage. It is, we should say, an almost ideal example of what that mysterious entity known as a Broadway audience is told—and presumably believes—that it wishes to see. When one has comfortably abandoned the attempt to follow the ramifications of an extremely complicated plot, wherein the paternity of a son who doesn't exist is foisted upon a succession of parents, one can view the animated spectacle with the detached unintelligence of the weary to which productions of this class are supposed to minister. The chorus is really admirable, being, in rowing parlance, well together, and presenting a standard of personal attractiveness both in natural charms and in the external adornment of costume that is considerably above the average. Of the principals, only one comedian, Frank Lalor, is at all interesting; there is nothing startling about the book, and the music, though pleasing enough, is frankly of the reminiscent order. In view of these facts, and particularly in view of the disproportion-

ate excellence of the staging and chorus, the idea suggests itself that the logical development of this type of musical entertainment would be to dispense altogether with principals and book and to present, possibly under the leadership of a χορηγός, a succession of ensemble movements by the chorus, harmonious in color and action, and chanting ditties that are calculated now to soothe and anon to stimulate the jaded nerves of a Broadway audience. S. W.

"SUZI."

Possessed of a spacious setting of summer gardens at Budapest and of a large mixed chorus, "Suzi" gave promise, at the rise of the curtain, of developing into an ambitious musical comedy. But it soon settled into the humdrum affair which this sort of spectacle so often is. The plot, what there is of it, is well enough. A young man who has hitherto been indifferent to love is desired by his father to marry a wealthy countess. When he refuses, the father undertakes to turn his thoughts in that direction by arranging a flirtation for him with some mythical beauty. But the son has just become aware of the charms of Suzi, a prima donna, and resents any interference, not suspecting that Suzi is the person whom the father is using as a tool. Of course, it turns out that the Countess marries the father, a widower, and that the son and Suzi are left to undisturbed bliss.

Jose Collins, as Suzi, gave an adequate performance, though her voice would have been more pleasing if she had not resorted so frequently to a falsetto note. The play is presented by Lew Fields at the Casino. F.

"LIFE."

There is little to commend itself in "Life," the melodrama-spectacle recently presented by William A. Brady at the Manhattan Opera House. It is neither impressive nor is it thrilling, and its great length—for it plays nearly four hours—makes it tiresome. If you like schemes, stratagems, and spoils, virtue horribly wronged, villainy enjoying for a time the fruits of its sin, and meeting inevitable retribution, or heroic innocence languishing in durance vile, you will find some elements in "Life" to hold your interest. But you will find it exaggerated, ludicrous, and out of drawing.

As a four-reel drama for the "movies" the production would be infinitely more satisfying than in its present form. For instance, the automobile pursuit in Act III would be made something more than an illusion, and the wreck of the pursuing car something more than a pretence. Motion pictures are employed, in fact, but these, though intended to move the action, serve merely to cover intervals between changing scenes. A certain crudity in stage management also robs the piece of any impressiveness it might otherwise have. The scenery is flimsy. Doors that should be rigid wave annoyingly and back drops shake. Moreover, there is something wrong in the selection of the cast when not one out of a great mass of characters is worthy of mention. A grave error on the part of Mr. Thompson Buchanan, who wrote the piece, is that he has apparently worked it out with the thought that mere sensationalism is spectacular.

The reception accorded to the production indicates that it may meet with approval. L.

Art

THE NEW PAINTING AND THE MUSICAL FALLACY.

By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, Jr.

It is an odd reversal of usual conditions that the French writers on the new painting, MM. Apollinaire, Gleizes, and Metzinger, should be hopelessly unintelligible, whereas the most distinguished German practitioner and critic of Post-Impressionism, Wassily Kadinsky,* is entirely lucid. Some power there must be in a movement that makes a French critic obscure, a German transparent. We have Kadinsky's "The Art of Spiritual Harmony" in Mr. Sadler's excellent English, well printed and adorned with a number of incoherent scrawls by the author, which presumably express the harmony of his spirit. Again we touch paradox. Why should anything so emphatic and plain as French Post-Impressionism and Cubism inspire the blindest of writing, whereas Kadinsky's systematic organon of painting eventuates in an art wholly cryptic? We may waive such inquiries in favor of an immediate consideration of Kadinsky's doctrines. Since they are clearly formulated, they invite inspection on their own merits, and quite regardless, for the moment, of the art they purport to justify.

Creation grows out of the artist's "Inner Need." This is the fundamental axiom, and, naturally, it presupposes an untrammelled individualism in which the Inner Need shall not merely arise, but also fully wreak itself. At first blush, this is merely the familiar Romantic theory of the artist as self-sufficing titan. But both in theory and practice the Romantic artist never was quite unconditionally titanic or self-sufficing. His volcanic and imperative emotions he drew, after all, from his reactions to the immense variety of nature, to the extreme joys and horrors of the world of man. Here the Post-Impressionist parts company with the mere Romantic. The Inner Need may grow out of the artist's wider experience, but preferably should not. It is an isolated specialized stress which finds within itself both the motive and the materials for creation. This is what the French modernist critics mean when in their single intelligible phrase they demand *la peinture pure*. It should be complete, that is, within the original creative impulse, should be free from contamination of any sort with the artist's usual associational life. Kadinsky merely varies the notion when he claims for painting the freedom of the art of music.

In the analogy of painting and music consists the most interesting part of his essay, but before going on to this, the primary axiom of the Inner Need should be closely examined. In bluntest words, the notion of a specialized emotion, creative or otherwise, wholly shut off from the residual feeling and thinking is merely bad psychology. You

**The Art of Spiritual Harmony*. By Wassily Kadinsky. Translated with an Introduction by M. T. H. Sadler. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.75 net.

cannot thus parcel out an individual. All experience is knit together; it is in vain that one minimizes or denies the bond. The Inner Need draws from the whole life, and is part of it. Relatively, the Inner Need can be isolated, by a manner of starvation. That is, the artist may keep out of his creative stress all the normal associations, paint, as it were, with a chosen fraction of himself. This seems to be what the modern artists are doing. Indeed, the command to obey the Inner Need, and only it, could in practice simply mean that the artist is to avoid his commoner range of associations and work from exceptional and precious associations. Taken sensibly, such counsel is merely that of selection. Artists at all times have been supposed to practice that. Taken fanatically, the counsel is merely to prefer the most recondite and exotic part of the self. The eccentricity of the modern painting shows clearly the sense in which the maxim is actually taken. Here there doubtless is some element of self-deception. After a long course of thinking out oddities with pains, the artist may be able to convince himself that the oddities came spontaneously. Doubtless, a skilful and short-minded performer might persuade himself that he was born a tight-rope walker. Genetic science would, however, hardly believe him.

Though the maxim that the artist emits art from an isolated emotional apparatus, quite as the firefly emits phosphorescent light from his tail, must be rejected, it is plain enough that the artist can do very odd and apparently unprecedented things. These are, however, unprecedented only because our knowledge of the artist's consciousness is incomplete. A thorough analysis would show that he merely is distorting and recombining his obscurer and, to him, more precious experiences. If these have any universality in them, the work will have value, but probably not highest value. The highest art is central. As a matter of fact, most of the new painting, though it has its happy audacities, remains trivial, the product of a sophisticated dualism which attempts to isolate the artist from the whole man. Yet the command to be odd, avoid natural appearance, eschew commonplace of all sorts, may have most pragmatic significance. Young talent is rallying in force to this standard. But the fact holds that it is better to live in the whole than in a part, and we shall never have any really important art from the new movement until the Inner Need consents to keep company with life as a whole.

It is probably some inkling of the irresponsibility and ultimate sterility of the Inner Need that has led some of the strongest young painters to have recourse to external and quite arbitrary disciplines. Cubism, Pablo Picasso's ingenious adaptation of fourth-dimensional geometry, is a characteristic case. Kadinsky seeks his discipline in a kind of grammar of form and color which usurps the terms not of geometry, but of music. An arrangement of simple forms is "Melodic," and arrangement of complex forms and colors "Symphonic." The colors

have definite spiritual values, affinities, and oppositions. Blue and yellow are antipodal, symbolizing respectively the most mysterious and the most obvious sentiments. The compromise, green, is the mundane average, good to live with, but refractory as material for art. Throughout, the colors and their relations may be equated with the musical notes and their harmonies, or more accurately the colors resemble the several instruments in the orchestra. Music is the best teacher, for, above all other arts, it has eschewed imitation and has devoted itself "to the expression of the artist's soul in musical sound." Accordingly, the painter who renounces mere representation, and longs to express his inner life, "cannot but envy the ease with which music, the most non-material of the arts to-day, achieves this end. He naturally seeks to apply the methods of music to his own art. And from this results the modern desire for rhythm in painting, for mathematical, abstract construction, for repeated notes of color, for setting color in motion."

So, too briefly, we must epitomize what Kadinsky explains at length with eloquence and evident conviction. We may add that he distinguishes three grades of art: the Impression, which is any representation of outer reality, and is regarded as a permissible but inferior stage; the Improvisation, which is a quick and summary expression of the Inner Need—it is the name which he modestly gives to most of his own pictures—and the Composition, which is a matured and pondered expression of the Inner Need. These definitions, as against the impulsivist dogmas of French Post-Impressionism, have the merit, first, of leaving for representation a place, if an humble one, and, next, of vindicating against the current dogma of emotional immediacy the sway of the intellect in art.

Indeed, there should be small quarrel with Kadinsky's definitions, as descriptive of a certain type of art. As a general aesthetic, however, the doctrine has manifest defects. It entertains the illusion of an artistic, creative faculty apart from the personality as a whole, and it denies the principle of relativity which affects all the arts, that of music included. Music itself does not play with fixed abstract terms, such as Kadinsky wishes the colors to be. An oboe, for instance, is neither a sad nor a glad instrument; it all depends on circumstances. The 'cello, and even the double bass, are highly serious or most playful instruments, according to context. The minor intervals may be the basis either of the most plaintive ballad or of the topical song. Syncopation is the mark of the impassioned czardas and of the comico-sentimental "coon" song. So when we speak of a canon of the instruments or harmonies or rhythms, we mean only typical or frequent effects, admitting all manner of exceptions. It is only in an incomplete sense that we can agree with Schopenhauer that music is "an immediate symbol of the will itself"—*unmittelbar Abbild des Willens selbst*. For an art that must express itself

through the most complicated and severe conventions cannot be truly an "immediate" symbol of anything. Music is merely the most detached of the arts, a landmark art, the bearings of which may readily be found. Much of the modern confusion of counsel comes from taking spontaneity and effectiveness, which have always been desired, for immediacy, which is psychologically impossible.

If this be true of the relatively unconditioned and mathematical art of music, how much more is it so of the highly conditioned art of painting. In a sense, the musical notes are an abstraction without reference to the sounds of external nature—which will only rarely coincide with the notes of the scale—but every conceivable color and form has manifold reference to similar hue and shape in visible nature. There are what we may call unapplied notes and harmonies, there are no such unapplied forms and colors. At best, we can have only odd or novel rearrangements of the forms and colors already in nature. In short, the detachment from everyday reality which the musical composer gets of right and by the very nature of his material, the painter only achieves by a wilful act of forgetfulness, by refusal to link his raw material with its source. More definitely, what shall we say of the dictum that blue is a remote mysterious color? Sir Joshua Reynolds, holding this view, forbade the color in foregrounds. In retort, Gainsborough painted the admirable Blue Boy. He might as well have cited any one of a thousand madonnas with azure mantles. Blue is a remote and mysterious color in the Alpine background of the Mona Lisa; in her robe, it is a proximate and explicit color. With justice the negro speaks of "plain red and yellow," but consider these colors in a Japanese print or in one of Turner's skies. In short, any color may take on the most varied emotional values, just as the bow may draw from a single note of the violin the most various shades of feeling. Of necessity this is the case, for colors and notes alike are inexpressive until charged with human emotion, an emotion which surges up, not from a fractional part of the personality, but from the whole man.

The whole issue is whether the impression of art is weakened or strengthened by alliance with the associational life. Is our task as artists and amateurs resolutely to shut off all associations that gather about the enjoyment of art? to accept such associations without criticism? or finally to regulate and command the associations that are relevant to the particular aesthetic experience? The modern artists generally are following the first course and are impoverishing their product by depriving it of reinforcing associations; the average man has always followed the second course, losing the specific aesthetic experience in a maze of his own sentimentality; the artist and the man of taste at all times have tried to follow the third course, discriminating between the associations that are or are not relevant to the particular impression of art.

This course, being one of compromise and technical adjustment, is repugnant to absolutists of all sorts. It has too much humanity and common-sense in it to be generally acceptable to-day. It requires of the layman that he take the pains of thought and taste, of the artist that he accept the complication of being also a man. Thus both the naive and the doctrinal impulsivist are offended. The man who "knows what he likes" finds himself in logical if uncongenial fellowship with the life-renouncing artist. In fact, the quest of "pure painting" has much the look of an evasion. In a normally realistic or traditionally imaginative art there are so many ways of going wrong, so many chances of error and stupidity, so small a percentage of originality and conspicuous success. Such are the hard conditions with which the artist has coped cheerfully for some thousands of years, and with considerable success. But modern times have bred a new type of artist, no longer an acceptor of the conditioned world of humanity, but a yearner for free and unconditioned and creative existence. "Since the actual world is hard and intractable," he seems to say, "I will emigrate to a world within myself where I shall create both the conditions and the work of art. I will be master in a world all my own." Such a programme is merely a belated phase of the old counsel of romantic isolation. Your titan, unlike all other living organisms, thrives only in a vacuum.

To say that the modern artistic revolt is wholly wrong in theory, being in the main simply a refurbishing and accentuation of romantic dogmas already disproved, is by no means to condemn it utterly. In matters of art, despite Leonardo da Vinci, plenty of strong work has based itself on weak theory. By nature the artist is little of a doctrinaire, and his choice of doctrines is often casual and only lip-deep. But, so far, the modern movement has, in my opinion, produced no considerable works. There are improvisations of a novel and exciting sort, there is a febrile and ill-regulated vitality, not without its attractiveness. As yet, except for the calculated pedantry of the Cubists, modern painting has not passed from what Kadin-sky calls the Improvisation to the Composition. Matisse and Kadin-sky are doing a good deal what Tintoretto and similar impetuous temperaments did in their more casual moods and in hasty sketches which later were to be refined and developed. The defect of the modern artist, in his extreme phase, is lack of masterful adjustment to the modern world. His disposition is an anti-social one. Until he comes to an understanding with life, his art at best is doomed to eccentricity, at worst to sterility. The vacuum is not really habitable, even by the titan.

This is not to say that the seeker for pure painting may not be an appealing and even a significant figure, as he signals to himself in the void. He is at least the eternal voice of protest against the commonplace, in some incomplete fashion an apostle of the ideal. When he learns that the commonplace and the normal are by no means identical,

and that within the normal the ideal has ever been comprehended, he may produce works of lasting value. Meanwhile, his very aberrations may serve as tonic and irritant to an official art, itself unduly detached from society and tradition, and confessedly gone rather stale.

Nor need we wholly deplore the prevalence of the musical fallacy. In a cyclic order of events it was due. For centuries painting has been closely bound to literature, generally for its good, but in later time, as literature itself lost religious and public significance, very much for its hurt. As painting sought to liberate itself from literature, the art nearest to life, it was natural that it should turn to music, the art farthest from life. On the whole, the new association has not been a fruitful one. In the nature of its materials, painting is more affine to literature than to music. Forms, colors, and words are common coin of sensory experience, while notes and harmonies are not. The search for the abstract in painting is based on a false analogy with music, which is daily discrediting itself in practice. Painting, when it returns to literature, should find the former tyrant become a faithful and serviceable ally. In the analogy of painting and music there is no standing ground, yet the fallacy may have served its turn, just as a lurch into reckless individualism may be a wholesome temporary experience for a man over-trammelled in the social nexus. Art advances not by reasonable approximations, but by these rather violent reactions. The Tenebrists, who reacted against Raphael, produced little work of enduring worth, yet they opened the way for Velasquez. So there may well be some pioneer quality in the eccentrics of to-day. But when the new and finer art comes, we may be sure that it will be free from eccentricity, free from dependence on the only remotely kindred art of music, free also from undervaluation of the inexhaustible variety and suggestiveness of external nature.

Finance

THE FIVE PER CENT. CASE REHEARING

Previous to the passage of the Hepburn Act in 1906 there was no provision in the Interstate Commerce Act for a "rehearing" of rate cases. By the Hepburn Act it was provided that after any decision has been made by the Commission any party may make application for a rehearing of the case, and the Commission may grant such rehearing if sufficient reason appear to exist. It was also provided that after such rehearing and a consideration of all facts, including those arising since the former hearing, the Commission may reverse, change, or modify its original decision or order.

Acting under these provisions, the railways in official classification territory asked on September 15 for a rehearing of the "5 per cent. advanced rate" case which the Commission had decided on July 29, and asked a modification of the order made on that

date so as to permit the tariffs as filed by the companies with the 5 per cent. advance to go into effect. The "new facts and circumstances" alleged by the carriers in their petition were three, viz.: (1) the complete financial returns of the thirty-five systems for the fiscal year 1914, (2) the European war, and (3) the apparent insufficiency of the remedies suggested by the Commission other than the horizontal increase in freight-rates proposed by the railways. The Commission granted the rehearing, setting the date therefor as close as the law would permit, and hearings began on October 19, terminating on October 30.

The carriers presented complete financial exhibits for the fiscal year 1914, the chief feature of which was the heavy falling off in "return on property investment," i. e., in the ratio of net operating income to cost of road and equipment. This ratio in 1914 fell below that shown in any of the preceding fifteen years, so far as the combined thirty-five systems were concerned, and it was contended by the carriers that it demonstrated a most critical condition of their affairs. They also put in evidence the operating returns for the months of July and August, which showed continuance of declining business and forced economies in operation.

They further presented expert testimony on the effects of the European war, Mr. Charles A. Conant being the only witness directly called by the carriers. Mr. Conant made an elaborate statement to show the probable effects of the war upon the cost of new capital in the future and the greatly increased competition that would exist for such capital as was available. Broadly speaking, the carriers asserted that this increase in capital cost was one of the factors in making increased costs of transportation, and, therefore, was an additional reason for advanced rates. At this point an interesting development was intervention by the Investment Bankers' Association, which sent several of its officers and counsel to the hearing, with a demand that they be heard. Mr. Frederick Strauss, Mr. Lawrence Chamberlain, and Mr. Oldham were the principal witnesses presented by the Association, and the burden of their testimony was to the effect that railway credit was at the heart of the entire investment structure in America, that investors were losing confidence in railway securities, that the emergency brought about by the war had greatly aggravated the condition of the carriers, and that it was the plain duty of the Commission to do all that was in its power to remedy the situation.

The companies concluded the case with evidence concerning the probable increase of revenues to be obtained from adoption of the various suggestions made by the Commission other than a direct horizontal increase in freight-rates, the general purport of this testimony being to show that only a small amount of money could be immediately realized in this way.

Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, special counsel for

the Commission again appeared as substantially opposed to the railways' plea, and by cross-examination of the various witnesses, as well as by his concluding argument, made it plain that he had not greatly altered his views since the original hearing. Mr. Clifford Thorne also cross-questioned witnesses and argued on his familiar lines, professing to represent several Western States. Various shipping interests, notably the Pittsburgh Coal Company, were directly represented as protesting against the proposed tariffs so far as their own particular commodities were concerned. Arguments by both sides closed the hearing on October 30.

The general impression is that decision will very soon be made on the petition of the railways. While, of course, nothing has transpired as to the opinions of members of the Commission, the reversal by that body of its position in what has been known as the "industrial lines allowances" case, announced last week, has led a good many observers to conclude that in all probability some further relief will be granted to the companies. Cancellation of allowances to what are known as "industrial lines" was one of the methods relied upon by the Commission for increasing the revenues of the railways, and an order was made last spring directing such cancellation. It was estimated at that time that something like \$15,000,000 would accrue annually to the railways therefrom. Opposition of State commissions and the decision by the Supreme Court in what is known as the "tap-line" case have compelled the Interstate Commission to revoke the decision made in the spring, and the relief expected from that decision will not now be available.

Commissioner Harlan, who wrote the report in the original 5 per cent. case, did not sit with his colleagues in the rehearing, and it is not known whether he will or will not take part in deciding the present case. Commissioner Clements acted as chairman, in the rehearing, and took an active part in the questioning of witnesses. In the original case Messrs. Harlan, Clements, Meyer, Clark, and Hall constituted the majority returning the decision. Messrs. McChord and Daniels dissented, the latter in radical fashion, from the majority opinion.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

- Barbour, R. H. *Left End Edwards*. Dodd, Mead. \$1.25 net.
 Benson, R. H. *Oddsish*. Dodd, Mead. \$1.35 net.
 Coulevain, Pierre de. *The Wonderful Romance*. Dodd, Mead. \$1.35 net.
 Herzog, R. *Sons of the Rhine*. Desmond. FitzGerald. \$1.25 net.
 Rilis, J. A. *Neighbors*. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
 Ryan, M. E. *The House of the Dawn*. McClurg. \$1.35 net.
 Sharber, K. *Amazing Grace*. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. \$1 net.
 Stephens, James. *The Demi-Gods*. Macmillan. \$1.30 net.
 Vance, L. J. *The Lone Wolf*. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1.30 net.
 Whitaker, H. *West Winds*. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. \$1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Murray, G. *Hamlet and Orestes: A study in Traditional Types*. Oxford University Press. 25 cents.
 Mursell, Walter A. *Byways in Bookland*. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.
 Pageant of the Thirteenth Century for the Seven Hundredth Anniversary of Roger Bacon. Columbia University Press.
 Reed, N. A. *A Woman's Career*. Putnam. 75 cents net.
 Richardson, E. C. *Biblical Libraries*. Princeton University Press. \$1.25 net.
 Royce, J. *War and Insurance*. Macmillan. \$1 net.
 Slattery, M. *He Took It Upon Himself*. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 60 cents net.
 Strunsky, S. *Belshazzar Court: Village Life in New York*. Holt.
 The Dickens Calendar for 1915. Sully & Kleinteich. 50 cents net.
 The Everyman Encyclopedia. Edited by Andrew Boyle. Vols. 1-12. Dutton. \$6 net.
 The Kipling Calendar for 1915. Sully & Kleinteich. 50 cents net.
 The Longfellow Calendar for 1915. Sully & Kleinteich. 50 cents net.
 The Piscatory Eclogues of Jacopo Sannazaro. Edited by W. P. Mustard. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. \$1 net.
 The Stevenson Calendar for 1915. Sully & Kleinteich. 50 cents net.
 Thoreau, Henry D. *Walking*. Houghton Mifflin (Riverside Press). \$2.50 net.
 Turnbull, V. C. *Stories from Robert Browning*. Crowell. \$1.50 net.
 Verrill, A. H. *An American Crusoe*. Dodd, Mead. \$1.25 net.
 Vizetelly, F. H. *The Development of the Dictionary of the English Language*. Funk & Wagnalls. \$1 net.
 Wardrop, Major A. E. *Modern Pig-Sticking*. Macmillan. \$3.25 net.
 Works of H. D. Thoreau: Cape Cod. Maine Woods. Walden. Week on the Concord. Crowell.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Baikle, J. *Lands and Peoples of the Bible*. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
 Hebbert, S. S. *New Proofs of the Soul's Existence*. Boston: Sherman, French.
 Newton, Joseph F. *What Have the Saints to Teach Us?* F. H. Revell.
 Peabody, F. G. *The Christian Life in the Modern World*. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
 Rutherford, Rev. James. *The Seer's House and Other Sermons*. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.
 Slosson, P. W. *Fated or Free*. Boston: Sherman, French.
 Wehle, Theodore. *Origin and Meaning of the Old Testament*. R. F. Fenno & Co.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

- Croly, H. *Progressive Democracy*. Macmillan. \$2 net.
 Ely, R. T. *Property and Contract*. Vols. I and II. Macmillan. \$4 net.
 Merton, H. W. *Social Harmonism*. H. W. Merton. \$1.50 net.
 Mrs. Pankhurst's Own Story. Hearst's Int. Library Co. \$2 net.
 Tower, C. *Essays: Political and Historical*. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$1.50 net.
 Winterburn, F. H. *The Mother in Education*. McBride, Nast. \$1.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

- Abbot, W. J. *Story of our Army*. Dodd, Mead.
 Alexander, C. *Battles and Victories of Allen Allensworth*. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1.50 net.
 Doyle, A. C. *Great Britain and the Next War*. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
 Harlow, S. R. *The Life of H. Roswell Bates*. Revell. \$1 net.
 Haverfield, Prof. F. *Roman Britain in 1913*. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.
 Hutton, E. *England of My Heart*. Dutton. \$2.25 net.
 Lehmann, L. *My Path Through Life*. Putnam. \$3.50 net.
 Okie, H. P. *Causes and Consequences of the War of 1914*. Washington, D. C.: Washington Publishing Co. 50 cents net.
 Pemberton, H. *Shakespeare and Sir Walter Raleigh*. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$1.50 net.
 Taft, Mrs. W. H. *Recollections of Full Years*. Dodd, Mead. \$3.50 net.

- Whitridge, F. W. *One American's Opinion of the European War*. Dutton. 50 cents net.
 Writings of John Quincy Adams. Vol. IV. Edited by Worthington C. Ford. Macmillan. \$3.50 net.

TRAVEL.

- Burpee, L. J. *Among the Canadian Alps*. Lane. \$3 net.
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